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DANNY DANGER

TYPHOON TYLER

TIME TRAVELERS



Orden
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BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



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Year

OUR 55th YEAR



Boys! Girls!
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**ACT
NOW
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picture) and
remit per cata-
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We trust you!
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Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art
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SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit
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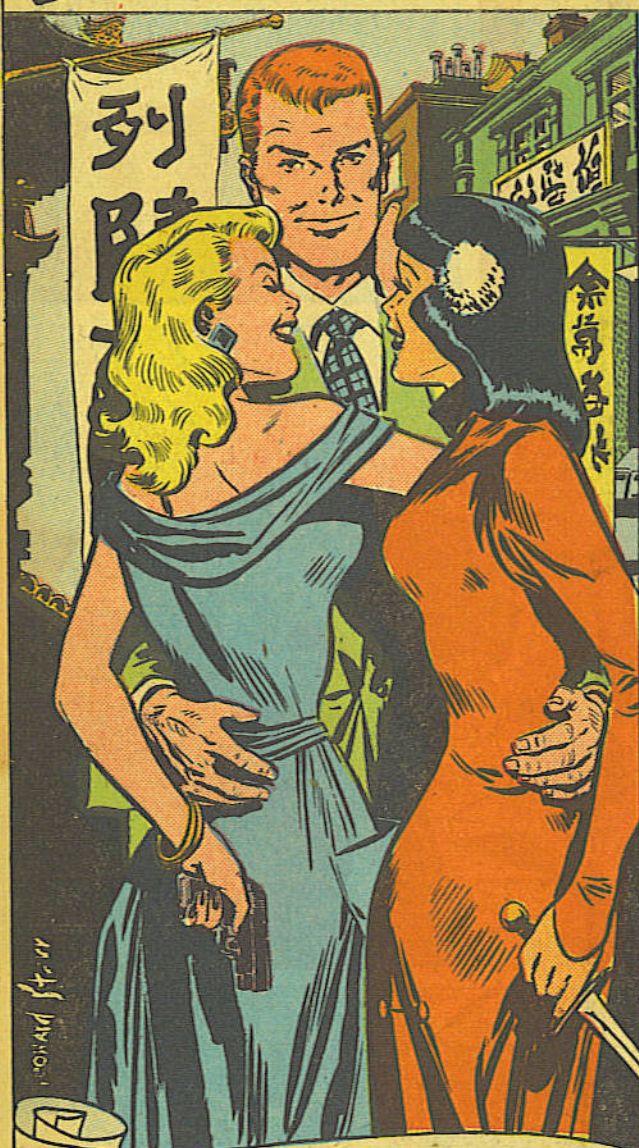
PRINT LAST
NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

**JIM and
BETTY FIND A NEW
"TREASURE"**



DANNY DANGER



"DANNY DANGER'S THE NAME, PAL...AND ANY TIME YOU NEED A GOOD PRIVATE EYE, WHY NOT LOOK ME UP? I'M THE SORT OF GUY WHO KNOWS WHAT THE SCORE IS, AND I'VE FOUGHT MY WAY OUT OF MANY A TIGHT CORNER! ANYTHING GOES WITH ME WHEN IT COMES TO SOLVING A CASE, BUT I'VE GOT ONE WEAKNESS... DAMES! AND IT WAS ALMOST A FATAL WEAKNESS WHEN TWO GORGEOUS EYEFULS GOT ME COMING AND GOING IN

The Case of the Chinese Gold!

"IT WAS MURDER, I TELL YOU...OR, RATHER, THE LACK OF MURDER THAT WAS KILLING ME! HERE IT WAS WEEKS SINCE MY LAST CASE...AND DANNY DANGER, THE BIG SHOT, WAS STARTING TO WORRY ABOUT HIS NEXT SQUARE MEAL!"

HERE'S THE MAIL, MR. DANGER... MORE BILLS! AND BY THE WAY, DON'T I GET PAID THIS MONTH?

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A WAGE-SLAVE, EMMY!... GOLDURN IT, IT LOOKS AS IF THERE ISN'T A SPARK OF DANGER OR MYSTERY LEFT ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD!



"OH, YEAH? I DIDN'T HAVE ANY WAY OF KNOWING IT, BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, HIGH IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS, AN EVENT WAS TAKING PLACE THAT WAS FATED TO EMBROIL ME IN THE MOST MYSTERIOUS CASE OF MY METEORIC CAREER! AND IF I'D KNOWN WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR ME, I'D HAVE TAKEN A POWDER... FAST!"



"BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT! ALL I KNEW WAS THAT THE NEXT WEEK WAS JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS...NO BUSINESS AND NO CASH...AND I'D HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!"

THE RENT ON THIS DUMP'S OVERDUE...I'LL BE OUT ON THE STREET IF I DON'T DIG UP SOME MOOLA! GUESS I'LL WANDER DOWN TO THE BRIDGE...THE RIVER BREEZE MAY HELP MY THINKING!



"AND WHILE I INHALED THE SEA BREEZES, THIS WAS HAPPENING A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...IN CHINATOWN..."

THIS IS **UNBELIEVABLE!** YOU SAY THAT YOU'RE CHINESE REDS...THAT YOU SNEAKED ABOARD A NATIONALIST PLANE FLYING A **TON OF GOLD BULLION** TO THE U.S. FOR SAFE-KEEPING...AND ACTUALLY **CAPTURED** IT?

YES, BUT SINCE WE COULDN'T COME DOWN AT ANY OFFICIAL AIRPORT, WE WERE FORCED TO CRASH-LAND THE PLANE IN SOME ISOLATED MOUNTAINS...AND BURY THE GOLD IN A HIDDEN SPOT!



WE DECIDED TO KEEP THE GOLD FOR **OURSELVES**, AND KNEW WE'D NEED A MAN OF MUCH SECRET INFLUENCE TO DISPOSE OF THE BULLION! I THOUGHT OF YOU, YANG...MY AMERICAN KINSMAN! OUR WHOLE FAMILY IN CHINA HAS HEARD OF YOUR RISE TO POWER AS HEAD OF THE GREEN DRAGON TONG...AND I KNEW **YOU'D** HELP ME...FOR A SHARE OF THE GOLD, OF COURSE!

HM... HOW DO I KNOW THAT YOU'RE **REALLY** A RELATIVE... THAT THIS ISN'T SOME RIVAL TONG PLOT TO TRICK ME?



HERE'S **PROOF** THAT I'M A KINSMAN! OUR FAMILY TALISMAN...**THE JADE GODDESS!**

I BELIEVE! TELL ME... THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE BURIED GOLD...IS IT WRITTEN DOWN?

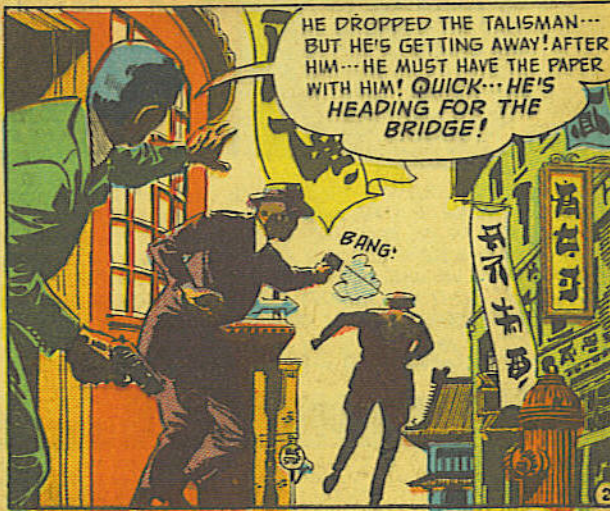


YES...CAREFULLY WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF PAPER I HAVE...

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW, FOOL! **SHOOT THEM DOWN, MEN... BOTH OF THEM! THE GOLD WILL BE OURS!**

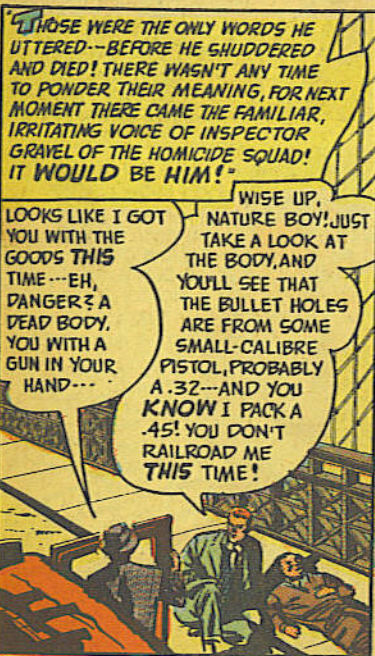


TRAITORS! I MUST... FLEE...



HE DROPPED THE TALISMAN... BUT HE'S GETTING AWAY! AFTER HIM... HE MUST HAVE THE PAPER WITH HIM! **QUICK... HE'S HEADING FOR THE BRIDGE!**

"ARE YOU WONDERING WHERE I COME INTO THIS STORY, READER? RIGHT HERE...WITH A BANG!"



HEY, EMMY! BUZZ ALL THE NEWS-PAPERS RIGHT AWAY AND TELL 'EM TO SEND UP THEIR ACE REPORTERS PRONTO FOR A HOT STORY! IT'S A PONEY, BUT LISTEN! IF ANYONE ASKS YOU WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE CHINESE GOLD BULLION CASE, TELL 'EM THAT I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT--AND THAT I'LL CRACK THE CASE WIDE OPEN AS SOON AS I GET AROUND TO IT!

SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME... BUT I'M USED TO ANYTHING, WORKING FOR YOU!



THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS... IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, MY BEING ON THE BRIDGE! I'D ARRANGED TO MEET THE MURDERED MAN... I NEVER DREAMED HE'D BE FOLLOWED BY A GANG TRYING TO STEAL HIS TON OF GOLD! ...I KNOW WHERE THAT SECRET GOLD IS... AND DANNY DANGER WON'T LET ANY THIEVES GET THEIR HANDS ON IT!

WOW... WOTTA STORY!



"WHEN THE EVENING EDITIONS HIT THE STANDS, I STOOD BACK AND GRINNED! I KNEW I'D GET RESULTS SOON!"



"BUT THE FIRST RESULT WAS ONE THAT I HADN'T FIGURED ON... INSPECTOR GRAVEL!"

YOU... YOU DOUBLE-TALKING PONEY! FIRST YOU TELL ME YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE CASE... AND THEN YOU ADMIT TO THE PAPERS THAT YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! YOU'LL EITHER SPILL IT OR...

EASY, INSPECTOR... HOLD IT! I DID LIE... BUT TO THE PAPERS, NOT TO YOU! WAIT, I'LL PROVE IT... EMMY, TELL HIM HOW MUCH I REALLY KNOW ABOUT THE WHOLE AFFAIR!



ER... LET'S SEE, NOW... OH, YES! MR. DANGER KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE CHINESE GOLD BULLION CASE! HE WILL CRACK IT WIDE OPEN AS SOON AS HE GETS AROUND TO IT!"

THAT DOES IT, DANGER! TALK!

OH-HHH! YOU MIGHT KNOW THAT THE FIRST TIME EMMY EVER OBEYED ORDERS 100 PERCENT, IT'D BE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



GET THIS, DANGER! YOU'VE GOT TILL TOMORROW TO GIVE ME THE DOPE... OR START READING THE HELP WANTED COLUMNS!

DON'T THREATEN ME, BLUBBER-LIP! AND DON'T WORRY--A DAY IS ALL I NEED TO SOLVE A CASE THAT YOU COULDN'T CRACK IN A CENTURY!



"I COULDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT! I KNEW I HAD TO GET A LEAD ON THE MURDER OF THAT CHINA-MAN, AND FAST... OR WIND UP AN EX-DETECTIVE!"

HANG IT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START IN! THINK I'LL WANDER DOWN TO THE OFFICE... I CAN ALWAYS WORRY BETTER THERE THAN I CAN HERE!





"I REALIZED THEN THAT THE BULLET HADN'T HIT ME, BUT HAD KNOCKED THE GUN OUT OF LITTLE SLANT-EYE'S HAND... FIRED BY THE MOST GORGEOUS HUNK OF PULCHRITUDE THE OLD MASTER HAD EVER GLIMMED!"



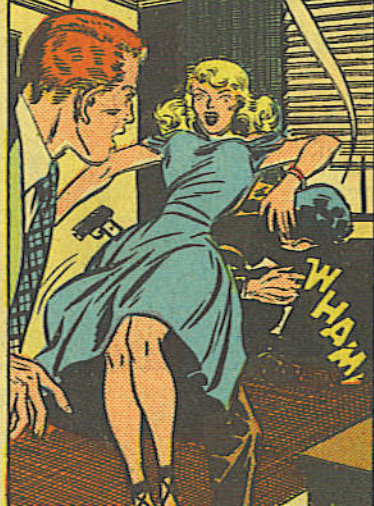
THANK HEAVENS I GOT HERE IN TIME! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THIS... MURDERESS?



WELL, I...

LOOK OUT! HER BOY-FRIEND'S UP!

QUICKLY, YO-TSIN! FLEE!



CONFOUND IT, I'VE GOTTA LET 'EM GET AWAY! I CAN'T LEAVE BLONDIE AFTER WHAT SHE DID FOR ME... SHE MAY BE BADLY HURT!

"WHY DID MY HEART POUND LIKE A TRIPHAMMER WHEN I CRADLED HER SOFT BODY IN MY ARMS? HADN'T I BEEN AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO STEEL MYSELF AGAINST THE DEEP SAPPHIRE EYES WHICH FLUTTERED OPEN, GAZING MELTINGLY INTO MINE?"

YOU'RE... BEAUTIFUL! ER... I MEAN... WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



I'M... MONA GALE! I'M A FREE-LANCE ESPIONAGE AGENT IN THE SERVICE OF THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACK DOWN A PLANE-LOAD OF NATIONALIST GOLD STOLEN BY YANG PO-CHENG... THE CHINESE RED WHO WAS KILLED ON THE BRIDGE!

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT... THE PAPERS SAID YOU KNOW WHERE THE GOLD IS HIDDEN! I... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A MAN WITH YOUR REPUTATION FOR HONESTY AND SQUARE-SHOOTING COULD HAVE ALLIED YOURSELF ON THE SIDE OF THIEVES AND ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY! I SAVED YOUR LIFE... IF THERE'S ANY GRATITUDE AND JUSTICE IN YOUR HEART, YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE THE GOLD IS!

OH-OH... THE JACKPOT QUESTION AGAIN! BABY, THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO FOR YOU... BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER!



OF COURSE YOU KNOW! YOU... YOU DON'T TRUST ME... YOU DON'T THINK ENOUGH OF ME TO TELL ME!

OH, NO? KID, IN ONE SECOND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I THINK OF YOU... AND MEAN IT!





"SURE I WAS HANDY WITH MY DUKES... BUT NOT AGAINST AN ARMY! THEY GOT ME, BUT THEY KNEW THEY'D BEEN IN A BRAWL!"

HE FOUGHT LIKE A TIGER... I THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER STOP HIM! IT'S A WONDER YOU MANAGED TO BRING HIM HERE!

IT WAS A CINCH... JUST A FEW HIGH-OCTANE KISSES, AND HE TROTTED AFTER ME LIKE A LITTLE LAMB! BUT HE WOULDN'T SPILL THE LOCATION OF THE GOLD... NOT EVEN AFTER I SAVED HIM FROM SOME DAME WHO WAS TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON OUR RACKET!

SO YOU'RE THE BIG, TOUGH MAN WHO WON'T TALK, EH? WE'LL SEE... AFTER LING SOFTENS YOU UP!

WOW... THAT BRUISER MUST BE SEVEN FEET TALL! OH, WELL...

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!



"BUT THIS ONE DIDN'T FALL! INSTEAD, THE ROOF SUDDENLY FELL IN ON ME... IN THE SHAPE OF AN AVALANCHE OF PILEDRIVER BLOWS SUCH AS I HAD NEVER FELT! NOTHING COULD STOP THEIR AWFUL IMPACT... NOTHING BUT THE YAWNING UNCONSCIOUSNESS WHICH REACHED UP TO GRASP ME!"

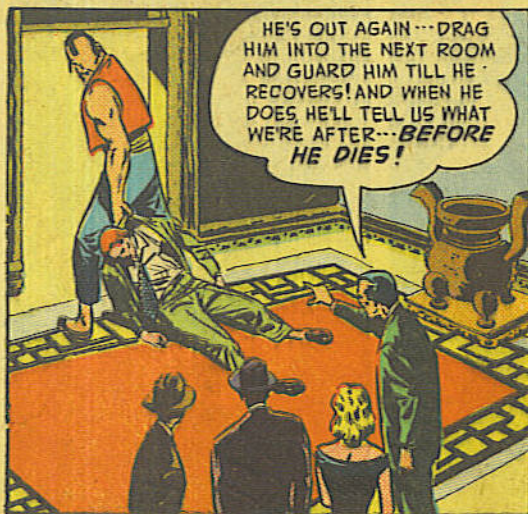


HE'S COMING TO A BIT... HE SHOULD BE READY TO TALK! TELL ME... WHERE IS THE GOLD HIDDEN?

GO TO... THE DEVIL... WOULDN'T TELL YOU... IF I KNEW...

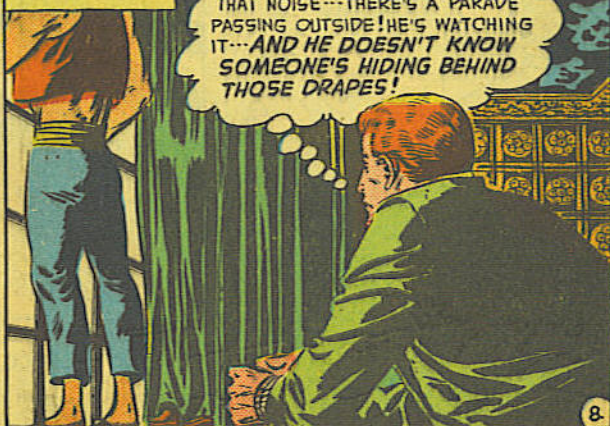


HE'S OUT AGAIN... DRAG HIM INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND GUARD HIM TILL HE RECOVERS! AND WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL TELL US WHAT WE'RE AFTER... BEFORE HE DIES!



"I CAME TO DIZZILY, CONSCIOUS OF THE SHAPE OF MY HUGE GUARD... AND OF SOMETHING ELSE WHICH HE DIDN'T SEE!"

THAT NOISE... THERE'S A PARADE PASSING OUTSIDE! HE'S WATCHING IT... AND HE DOESN'T KNOW SOMEONE'S HIDING BEHIND THOSE DRAPES!





HOLY SMOKE---IT'S YO-TSIN, THE GAL WHO TRIED TO KILL ME BACK IN MY OFFICE! AND NOW SHE'S GOING TO KNIFE ME!

SH-HHH!



DON'T WORRY--- HE'S LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, AND THE NOISE OF THE PARADE'S DISTRACTING HIM! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!

I DON'T KNOW! WHAT GAVE YOU THIS SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART, KID, BUT THANKS! NOW LISTEN---SNEAK UP ON ONE SIDE OF LING AND SHOUT HIS NAME---WHILE I KONK HIM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!



LING!

HUH?--- UGH!

CRACK!



IT WORKED---HE'S OUT COLD! HOW'S ABOUT TELLING ME WHO YOU ARE--- AND WHAT'S GOING ON?

THESE CREDENTIALS WILL TELL YOU ---I'M YO-TSIN, SECRET AGENT FOR THE CHINESE NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT! WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS REPORTED THAT YOU KNEW THE LOCATION OF OUR STOLEN GOLD, I WENT TO YOUR OFFICE IN SEARCH OF IT! I WAS READY TO KILL YOU AS AN ENEMY---BUT WHEN I FOLLOWED YOU HERE, I LEARNED THE **REAL** TRUTH!



"I FOUND MYSELF ALMOST SHOUTING ABOVE THE CLATTER OF THE PASSING PARADE---"

UH-HUH---I'M ON **YOUR** SIDE, YO-TSIN ---BUT I STILL CAN'T HELP YOU! THE ONLY THING I KNOW ABOUT THE GOLD IS THAT THE CHINESE RED MENTIONED IT JUST BEFORE HE DIED ON THE BRIDGE!

THEN **THINK**--- DIDN'T HE SAY ANYTHING **ELSE** THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE TO ITS LOCATION?



NOPE, THAT WAS ALL--- **WAIT!** I JUST REMEMBERED ---HE ALSO GASPED OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE JADE GODDESS OF HIS ANCESTORS! SAY, **THAT** LOOKS LIKE A JADE GODDESS, DOESN'T IT?

YES! GRAB HOLD OF IT WHILE I BOLT THE DOOR---I THINK I HEAR THE TONG MEN RETURNING!



THERE THEY ARE! WHAT DO WE DO **NOW?**

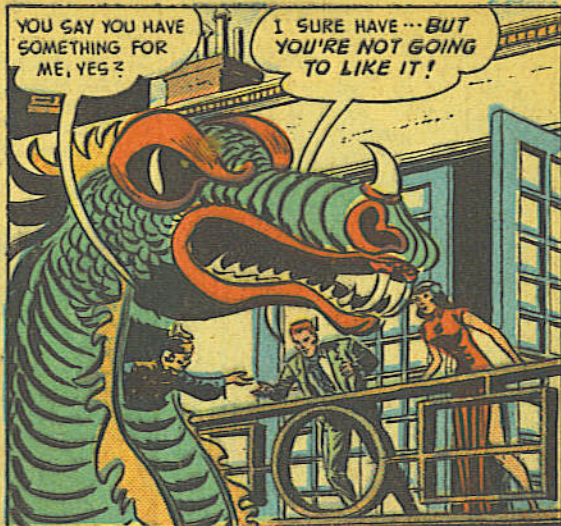
SCRAM OUT OF THIS ROOM BEFORE THEY BREAK THE DOOR DOWN! THE **WINDOW** ---THAT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BAM! BAM!



IT'S TOO HIGH TO JUMP... BUT **LOOK!** THAT DRAGON FLOAT...IT'S USED TO SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PEOPLE WHO WATCH THE PARADE FROM WINDOWS! **CALL IT... QUICKLY!** IT'LL SWING OVER AND A MAN INSIDE WILL OPEN IT...

SMART GIRL!... **HEY! OVER HERE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!**



YOU SAY YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME, YES?

I SURE HAVE...**BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT!**



YII!

SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, PAL... BUT IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!...GET INSIDE, YO-TSIN... **HURRY!** I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



WHAT A WAY TO GET OUT...AND WHAT A HIDING-PLACE! WE CAN LOOK OUT THROUGH THESE EYE PEEPHOLES...AND NO ONE WILL KNOW WE CHANGED THE PLACES WITH THE LAD WHO WAS IN HERE!

YES, AND WHEN THE PARADE IS OVER, WE CAN SLIP OUT UNOBTRUSIVELY! MEANWHILE, I CAN OPERATE THIS SIMPLE LEVER THAT SWINGS THE DRAGON'S HEAD TO AND FRO...AND WE'LL JUST CARRY ON AS USUAL!



"WHAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT!"

LOOK! THERE'S WAN-HO AND HIS MEN...**STALKING THE DRAGON!** THE MAN WE YANKED OUT OF HERE MUST'VE TOLD 'EM WHAT HAPPENED!



THEN THEY **KNOW** WE'RE IN HERE... WE'RE **TRAPPED!**

NOT YET! I SEE SOMEONE ELSE I KNOW NEARBY... **INSPECTOR GRAVEL!** HE'S PROBABLY BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON CHINATOWN EVER SINCE THIS CASE BROKE...BUT HE'D NEVER HEAR US SHOUTING FOR HELP THROUGH THE NOISE OF THIS CROWD! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION...



EVERYTHING'S OKAY HERE, BOYS-LET'S GO...**OWWN!**

THWACK!



WELL, I'LL BE...!
THIS WALLET BELONGS
TO **DANNY DANGER**...
HERE'S HIS PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR'S LICENSE
AND PHOTO! WHERE'D IT
COME FROM... WHERE
IS HE? I'LL KILL
HIM!

IT CAME FROM
THAT DRAGON'S
HEAD, INSPECTOR
...AND THERE
HE IS, CLIMB-
ING OUT OF
IT!



HURRY...UP
TO THE ROOF!
IT'S NOW OR
NEVER!

THERE THEY
GO! AFTER
THEM!



IT WAS NO
GO! THEY
HAD US!

WE'RE...CORNERED!
OH, WHERE'S YOUR
INSPECTOR GRAVEL?

NEVER AROUND WHEN
HE'S NEEDED...WE'LL
HAVE TO FEND FOR
OURSELVES! LUCKY
THIS HOUSE
OVERLOOKS
THE RIVER AND
WE'RE NOT
TOO HIGH UP TO...



...JUMP!



THEY'LL HAVE
TO CLIMB OUT
ON THE PIER!
WE'LL GET
THEM
THERE!

SPLASH!



OH, DANNY...I NEVER
DREAMT YOUR ARMS
WERE SO **STRONG**!

WE'LL GO INTO **THAT**
LATER, DREAMBOAT!
FIRST OFF, I WANT TO
SEE WHAT GIVES WITH
THAT JADE FIGURINE
IN MY POCKET!



HMMM...MUST'VE
BUSTED IT WHEN I
JUMPED!...HEY, WHAT'S
THAT **PAPER** INSIDE?

**DANNY...THIS IS
IT!** IT GIVE THE
EXACT LOCATION
OF THE HIDDEN
GOLD!

IN WHICH
CASE...
**HAND
IT
OVER!**

"IT WAS WAN-HO AND HIS HATCHET-MEN--
AND OUR GOOSE WAS COOKED, CANTONESE
STYLE! BUT THEN MY EYES DETECTED
SOMETHING..."

SO! I NEVER GUESSED MY RED
KINGSMAN PUT THE SECRET INSIDE
THE JADE GODDESS...LUCKILY,
I KEPT IT BECAUSE IT WAS A
FAMILY TALISMAN! YOU TWO
HAVE SERVED A USEFUL
PURPOSE, AND NOW...
**SHOOT THEM
DOWN!**

GET
READY
TO DUCK,
YO-TSIN!



DON'T START THANKING ME, DANGER
...I JUST SAVED YOUR WORTHLESS
NECK SO I COULD PAY YOU BACK
FOR THROWING THAT WALLET AND
GIVING ME THIS **BLACK EYE!**
AND NOW I'VE GOT SOME-
THING FOR YOU...

SIMMER DOWN, SWEETHEART
...I'M NOT THROUGH GIVING
YOU THINGS YET! IF YOU'LL
LOOK AT THE PAPER NEAR THE
MAN YOU JUST SHOT, YOU'LL
FIND THE SECRET LOCATION OF
A TON OF CHINESE NATIONAL-
IST GOLD...AND YOU CAN TAKE
ALL THE CREDIT FOR HAVING
CRACKED THE CASE!



THAT WAS **NOBLE** OF YOU, DANNY! BUT
WHY SHOULD YOU RISK YOUR LIFE AND
NOT GET ANY CREDIT FOR IT?

CREDIT? I CAN'T BUY GROCERIES
WITH **THAT**...BUT I SURE CAN WITH
ALL THAT **REWARD MONEY** YOU'RE
GOING TO PERSUADE THE
NATIONALISTS TO GIVE
ME FOR REGAINING
THEIR GOLD!



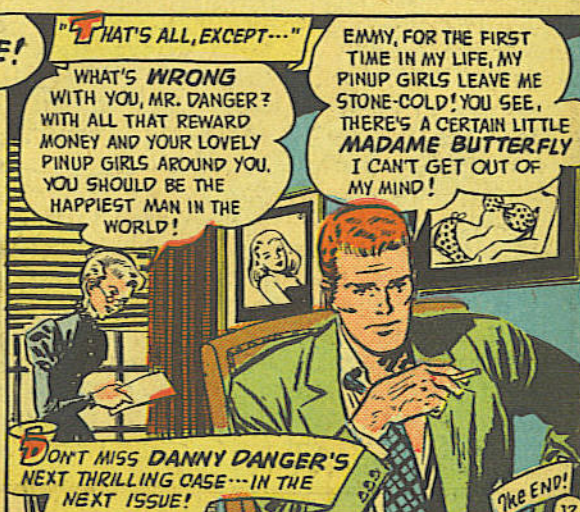
THAT ISN'T THE
ONLY REWARD
YOU'RE GOING
TO GET,
DANNY!

BA-BEE!

"THAT'S ALL, EXCEPT..."

WHAT'S **WRONG**
WITH YOU, MR. DANGER?
WITH ALL THAT REWARD
MONEY AND YOUR LOVELY
PINUP GIRLS AROUND YOU,
YOU SHOULD BE THE
HAPPIEST MAN IN THE
WORLD!

EMMY, FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN MY LIFE, MY
PINUP GIRLS LEAVE ME
STONE-COLD! YOU SEE,
THERE'S A CERTAIN LITTLE
MADAME BUTTERFLY
I CAN'T GET OUT OF
MY MIND!



DON'T MISS **DANNY DANGER'S**
NEXT THRILLING CASE...IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!

THE END!
12

The SPY who GLOWED

THE PAIN around Saul Hollister's heart was a little more intense by the time he reached the doctor's office, and he was glad he'd decided to stop there before delivering the important, top-secret documents he was carrying to the Defense Department.

Inside, the nurse said that Dr. Malone would see him in a few minutes, and Saul eased himself into a chair in the waiting room, still carefully holding onto his dispatch case. The moment he sank back into the soft, leathery depths, all the troubles of the last few weeks rose up into his consciousness to plague him anew. First, there was the problem of his health. He knew he'd reached the voluntary retirement age of 60 for confidential messengers in the Defense Department, just as he knew that some of his superiors were beginning to think of asking him to resign before the mandatory retirement age of 65. But Saul knew he still had five good years of service to the government left in him, and to convince himself that he was fit, he'd paid a visit to Dr. Malone, a heart specialist with an excellent reputation in Washington.

The doctor had told him that his heart was somewhat strained, but still in good shape...and that the injections he'd give him would enable him to carry on easily for many more years. But soon after the injections started a few weeks ago, he began having heart pains, and usually had to stop in to see Dr. Malone in the middle of the day, interrupting his delivery of important documents from one government building to another. The doctor had again reassured him, saying that the pains were merely caused by anxiety...and that daily injections would soon stop them.

But although the pains hadn't stopped, Saul had even greater worries. He'd been told yesterday that Counter-Intelligence had learned that a number of top-secret

plans had leaked out to a foreign power in recent weeks...the very same plans that Saul had been responsible for delivering in those weeks. Although Saul knew his loyalty wasn't being questioned, he realized that the finger of suspicion was definitely on him...because the only other persons who had access to the secret plans were high Defense and State Department officials, who were above suspicion.

"Think hard, Saul," the Department's Message Center Chief had said. "Did you violate regulations at any time in those weeks, and let your dispatch case go out of your possession...even for a minute?"

When Saul had vigorously denied doing anything so foolish and so dangerous to the country's security, the Chief had shrugged. "Well, Saul," he'd said, "you do have forty years of faithful service behind you, so there's no doubt about your loyalty. But you are getting on in years, of course, and it's possible your mind has begun playing tricks on you...perhaps you're in the habit of leaving your dispatch case on the chair in a restaurant while you go to wash up...and you just don't remember it. If you can't prove that you aren't responsible for the leaks of those secrets, I'm afraid I'll have to ask for your resignation at the end of the week!"

Sitting in the chair in the waiting room, Saul laughed bitterly to himself. *Prove!* How could he prove he wasn't guilty? There wasn't a chance in the world of...

The nurse's cold voice broke into his thoughts. "Dr. Malone will see you now, Mr. Hollister."

As Saul walked into the inner office, still clutching his dispatch case, a bell suddenly seemed to ring in his mind. *Dr. Malone!* The secrets had begun being stolen in the same week that he'd begun seeing Dr. Malone! Was it just a

strange coincidence, or...something else?

"Well, well, Mr. Hollister," the bluff, hearty voice of Dr. Malone boomed out at him, "you're looking better today. Come right in here and strip to the waist while I get the injection ready."

Saul looked at the smiling eyes and good-natured expression on the doctor's face, and nodded...not trusting himself to speak. Now he remembered...every time he came here, he left his jacket and shirt and *dispatch case* in the fluoroscope room, and then went into the examination room for the injection. And each time, the doctor had made him lie down in the examination room for five minutes after the injection...time enough for...

A cold sweat broke out on Saul's body as he swiftly took his jacket off. The doctor was busy in the next room, and perhaps now Saul would have time enough to do his work. With the plan forming swiftly in his mind, Saul took out his pocket knife, and bent over the fluoroscope screen. When he had scraped off enough of the fluorescent powder, he swiftly opened his dispatch case with the keys he kept in his inside jacket pocket, and carefully dusted the documents inside with the faint powder. Relocking the case and replacing the keys in his jacket took only a few seconds more, and when Dr. Malone came back into the fluoroscope room with his needle and syringe ready, Saul was struggling out of his shirt.

"Hmmm, rather slow today, aren't you?" the doctor beamed.

"Yes," Saul's voice came muffled through his shirt so that the doctor couldn't see his expression, "I have been kind of slowing down lately."

After the injection, the doctor made him lie down in the examination room as usual, and Saul strained to distinguish the sounds that came from the fluoroscope room, where Dr. Malone was bustling about. Finally, when the five

minutes were up, Saul entered the room and found the doctor sitting and writing a prescription for him...the picture of innocence, Saul thought grimly.

"By the way, doctor," Saul said. "Do you have an ultra-violet lamp here?"

"Why, yes," the doctor said without looking up. "Right behind the desk. Why do you ask?"

Saul didn't answer, and when Dr. Malone heard the switch of the lamp being turned on, he looked up in surprise.

"Your hands, doctor," Saul said, grimly focusing the ultra-violet lamp on him. "*Look at your hands!*"

Dr. Malone looked down at his hands...and gaped at the bright fluorescent glow that came from them. "All right, Doctor Spy," Saul said, "your game's up! Your hands were contaminated from the fluoroscopic powder I dusted my secret documents with, and that powder always glows under ultra-violet light!"

With an oath, Dr. Malone reached into his desk drawer for his gun, but the heavy lamp suddenly came crashing down on his brilliantly glowing hands...and in the next moment, Saul was bringing the heavy paper weight he had snatched up from the desk smashing down on the doctor's skull.

Reaching into the drawer for the gun, Saul smiled thinly down at the unconscious figure of the doctor, "That was a pretty neat plot," Saul told the unheeding spy. "You injected drugs into me to cause the heart-pain, making me come back again and again...so that you could do a quick job of photostating my documents while I was in the next room! But you're not only a rotten spy, you're also a rotten doctor...because that pain in my heart is gone for good...now that I know I'll be able to keep my job!"

And as Saul began dialing the Secret Service number, a sudden thought made him grin broadly. "Who knows...maybe I'll even be promoted to the *Counter-Espionage Corps!*"

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL
RURAL
AIRPORT,
TWO
CUNNING
SCHEMERS
WATCH A CROP-
DUSTING
PLANE
TAKE OFF
FOR
FARMER
JONES'
FIELDS...

WE DID IT, BOSS!
THAT PILOT DOESN'T
KNOW IT -- BUT HE'S
GOT A SPRAY-TANK
FULL OF PLANT KILLER
--NOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS
OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--

FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED
BIKE AND CATCH UP
WITH THAT PLANE!

HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY
THE CROPS -- GOTTA
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
DOES TOO MUCH
DAMAGE!

ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST
-- SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!

WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN--
S-T-O-P..
GUESS I'D BETTER
LAND AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

LATER...

MR. JONES, I HATE
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE
JET SIGNALS!

AND THANKS TO THE
SPEED OF THE BOYS
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND
THIS PLOT ARE NOW
BEHIND BARS!

FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE
FOOTING -- AND SPLIT-SECOND
CONTROL -- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
WITH THAT SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!

"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN"-- SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, SURER
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

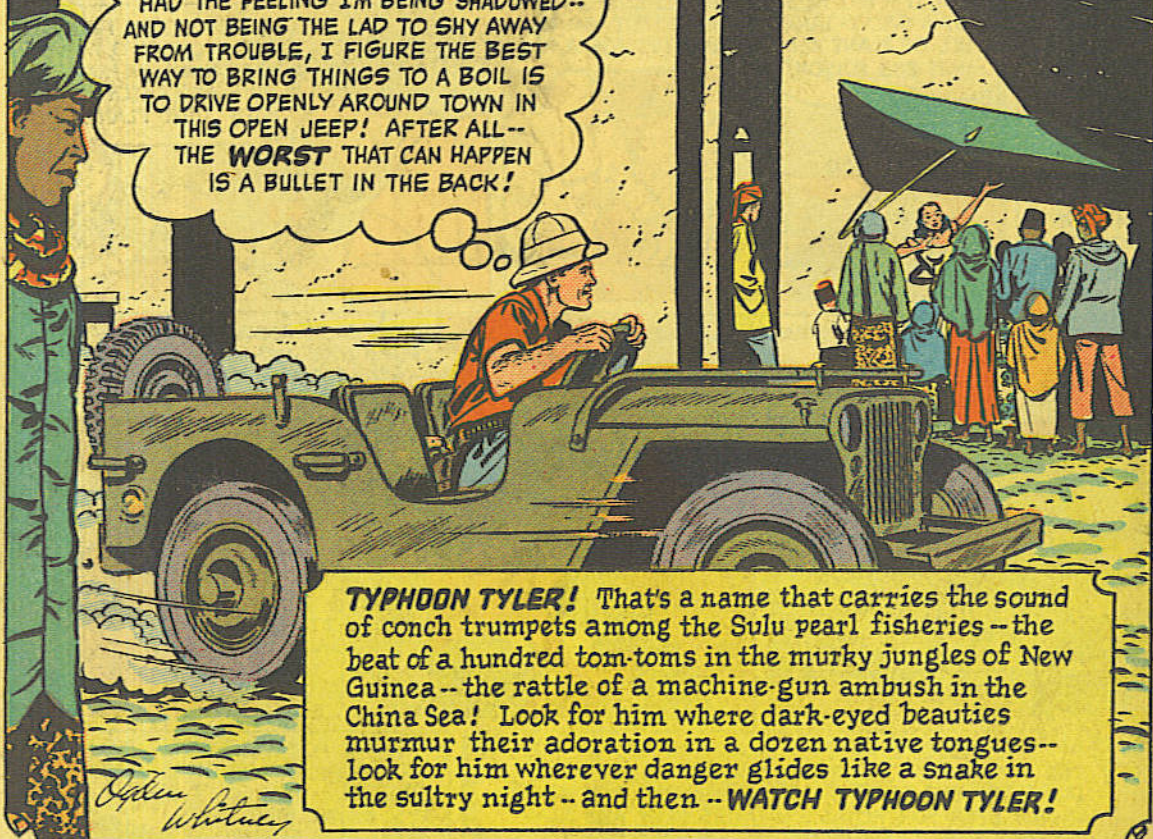
U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Typhoon TYLER

FOR SEVERAL DAYS, NOW, I'VE HAD THE FEELING I'M BEING SHADOWED-- AND NOT BEING THE LAD TO SHY AWAY FROM TROUBLE, I FIGURE THE BEST WAY TO BRING THINGS TO A BOIL IS TO DRIVE OPENLY AROUND TOWN IN THIS OPEN JEEP! AFTER ALL-- THE **WORST** THAT CAN HAPPEN IS A BULLET IN THE BACK!



TYPHOON TYLER! That's a name that carries the sound of conch trumpets among the Sulu pearl fisheries-- the beat of a hundred tom-toms in the murky jungles of New Guinea-- the rattle of a machine-gun ambush in the China Sea! Look for him where dark-eyed beauties murmur their adoration in a dozen native tongues-- look for him wherever danger glides like a snake in the sultry night-- and then-- **WATCH TYPHOON TYLER!**



TIRE'S BLOWN--AND I WON'T HAVE TO STRAIN MY BRAIN FIGURING **HOW!** SOME JOKESTER'S SCATTERED A HANDFUL OF UPHOLSTERY TACKS IN THE STREET!



ANYWAY, I COULDN'T WANT A BETTER PLACE TO STOP--UNLESS THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SOMEONE **ELSE** WANTS!



CLOSER AND CLOSER COME THE
FANGED HEAD AND CORAL-RED
LIPS -- AND THEN --

THAT CHICK WOULD HAVE
SOMETHING THERE IF THAT
DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BE A
PERFECTLY HARMLESS SNAKE!
BUT ON THE OTHER HAND --
MAYBE SHE **DOES** HAVE
SOMETHING THERE!

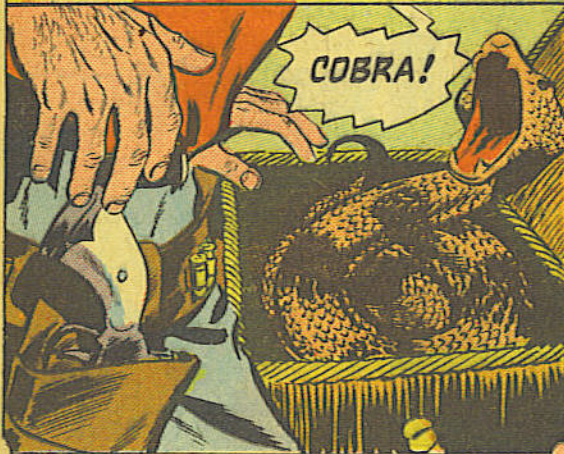
COME, YOU CHICKEN-HEARTED ONES
--DO AS KARA DID! PAY A RUPEE IF
YOUR COURAGE FAILS--CLAIM WHAT
YOU WILL IF YOU SUCCEED!

BABY-- I ALWAYS
COLLECT IN
ADVANCE!



FOR AN INSTANT, NO ONE STIRS -- NO ONE
MURMURS -- AND AS TYPHOON RAISES THE
BASKET LID --

COBRA!

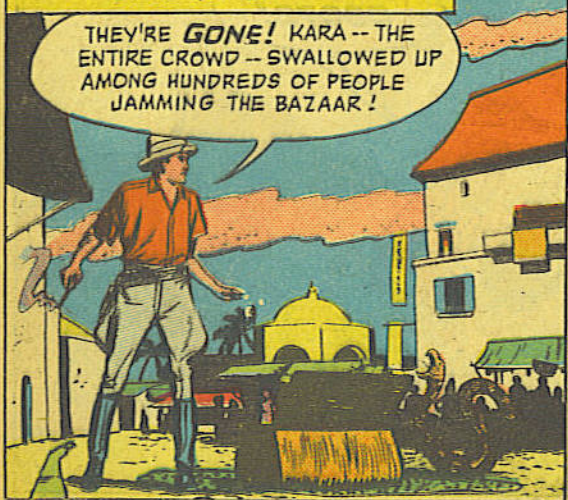


BANG!



THEN -- WHILE THE RIPPLING COILS
STILL QUIVER --

THEY'RE **GONE!** KARA -- THE
ENTIRE CROWD -- SWALLOWED UP
AMONG HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE
JAMMING THE BAZAAR!



WELL, I'VE PROVED **ONE** THING --
SOMEONE'S OUT TO KILL ME -- SOMEONE
WHO'S ABLE TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN
ACCIDENT! AND, MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO
LOOK FOR **KARA** -- I MAY BE ABLE
TO SCARE UP MORE OF A LEAD
FROM THESE TACKS!



MINUTES LATER -- INSIDE THE ONLY LARGE SHOP IN TOWN --

LOOK, BUD! A FRIEND OF MINE BOUGHT THESE TACKS RECENTLY TO REPAIR HER FURNITURE -- AND SHE NEEDS MORE OF THEM!

AH, TUAN -- UPHOLSTERY TACKS CANNOT BE BOUGHT ANYWHERE IN INDONESIA! BUT WHY BOTHER WITH REPAIRS WHEN I, MEHMET HUSSEIN, HAVE THE BEST STOCK OF FURNITURE IN THE ORIENT?



SIT IN IT, TUAN -- TRY IT -- A VERITABLE THRONE OF THE PROPHET! SIXTY RUPEES -- AND LET MY PARTNER SPIT IN MY FACE WHEN HE LEARNS WHAT A FOOL I AM!

NOW I'M GETTING SOMEWHERE! TACKS WITH RIBBED HEADS -- EXACTLY LIKE THE ONES THAT STOPPED MY JEEP!



THAT'S STRANGE -- KARA DIDN'T MENTION BUYING HER CHAIRS HERE!

KARA? BUT OF COURSE SHE DID, TUAN! I MYSELF DELIVERED THEM -- TO PANDALAN 84!

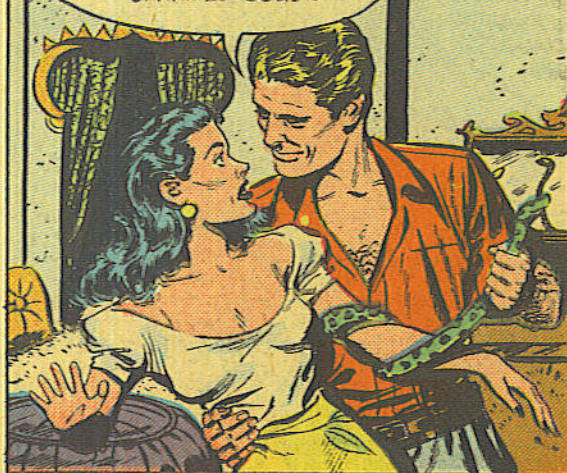
PANDALAN 84! GUESS I'LL RETURN KARA'S TACKS -- IN EXCHANGE FOR A FEW POINTS FROM HER!

SO YOU REALLY ARE A SNAKE CHARMER, EH?

PURELY AN AMATEUR ONE -- CONSIDERING HOW READILY YOU FOUND ME!



I DUNNO, HONEY -- I'M ONE SNAKE YOU'VE GOT CHARMED SOLID!



BEFORE WE BEGIN -- OOOOPS!





THE POLICE!

YEP -- MEMBERS OF THE SULTAN'S PERSONAL PATROL! THIS SEEMS TO BE QUITE AN OCCASION, SWEETHEART!



PARDON THE INTRUSION, TUAN! THE SULTAN HAS LEARNED OF A PLOT THAT WILL CONCERN MILLIONS OF MOSLEMS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD -- AND **THIS** IS ONE OF THE TRAITORS INVOLVED!

COULD BE, BUD -- BUT WHAT I DON'T LATCH ONTO IS WHERE IT CONCERNS **ME**!



THE SULTAN HIMSELF WILL BE HONORED TO EXPLAIN!

O.K. -- WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



A HALF-HOUR LATER -- IN THE GARDEN OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE --

AT LAST I SHAKE THE HAND OF TYPHOON TYLER -- THE ONE MAN IN THE ORIENT WHO KNOWS REAL POWER -- THE POWER THAT COMES FROM THE FRIENDSHIP AND TRUST OF MILLIONS!

I'VE NEVER TAKEN THE TIME TO COUNT 'EM, YOUR HIGHNESS! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY HANDLING PEOPLE WHO SPECIALIZE IN POISONOUS SNAKES AND ODD-SHAPED TACKS! WHAT ABOUT IT?



PERHAPS WE CAN GIVE YOU A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT -- FROM ONE OF THE PLOTTERS!

YES, I WILL TALK -- BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! **THE LEAGUE IS READY TO STRIKE!**

ARE YOU READY TO CONFESS?

THERE ARE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION MOSLEMS IN THE WORLD -- AND ALL MAKE AT LEAST ONE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA! THE MOST PRECIOUS RELIC OF ISLAM IS THERE -- THE **BLACK STONE** THAT IS SET INTO THE WALL OF THE KAABA! **THAT** IS WHAT THE LEAGUE IS AFTER -- BECAUSE WHOEVER POSSESSES THE **BLACK STONE** WILL BE MASTER OF THE MOSLEM WORLD!

KIND OF SCREWY PROJECT -- ISN'T IT? EVEN IF YOUR GROUP **DID** MANAGE TO STEAL THE **BLACK STONE** -- THEY'D BE HACKED TO DEATH FOR COMMITTING SACRILEGE THE MOMENT THEY TRIED TO CASH IN ON THE DEAL!

PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW US MOSLEMS!



I'M AFRAID SHE'S RIGHT, TYLER! THE VERY RECKLESSNESS OF THE DEED WOULD WIN OVER THE TRUEST FOLLOWERS OF THE PROPHET! **THEY** REMEMBERED THAT MOHAMMED HIMSELF WAS IGNORED AND BELITTLED -- UNTIL HIS MASTERSTROKE OF ATTACKING MECCA AND SEIZING THE KAABA!

I GET THE DRIFT! MOST OF THE MOSLEM COUNTRIES IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD ARE NEW AND UNSTABLE -- THEY'D BE A PUSH-OVER FOR ANY POWER GROUP THAT WAS ABLE TO WHIP UP POPULAR SUPPORT!

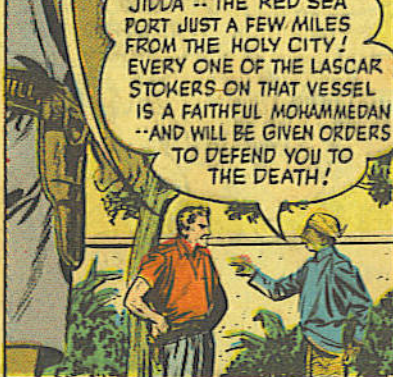


EXACTLY! MOREOVER -- THE PLOT IS PAST THE STAGE WHERE IT CAN BE STIFLED BY POLICE OR ARMIES! TRAPPING THE RINGLEADERS NEEDS THE SKILL AND DARING OF A SINGLE MAN -- **YOU!**



THAT'S AN INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT -- BUT SUPPOSE THE LEAGUE TRAPS **ME** BEFORE I REACH **MECCA!**

WE HAVE WAYS TO PROTECT OUR FRIENDS! THERE IS A SHIP SAILING TONIGHT FOR JIDDA -- THE RED SEA PORT JUST A FEW MILES FROM THE HOLY CITY! EVERY ONE OF THE LASCAR STOKERS ON THAT VESSEL IS A FAITHFUL MOHAMMEDAN -- AND WILL BE GIVEN ORDERS TO DEFEND YOU TO THE DEATH!



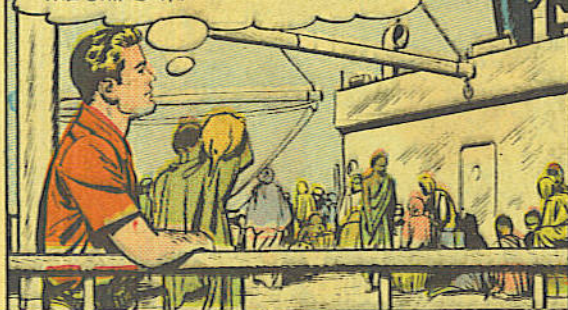
O.K., SULTAN -- YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL! -- BABY, SOMETHING TELLS ME YOUR PALS BETTER NOT COUNT ON GETTING THE **BLACK STONE!**

THERE IS VERY MUCH **YOU** ARE NOT COUNTING ON! REMEMBER **THAT**, TYPHOON TYLER!



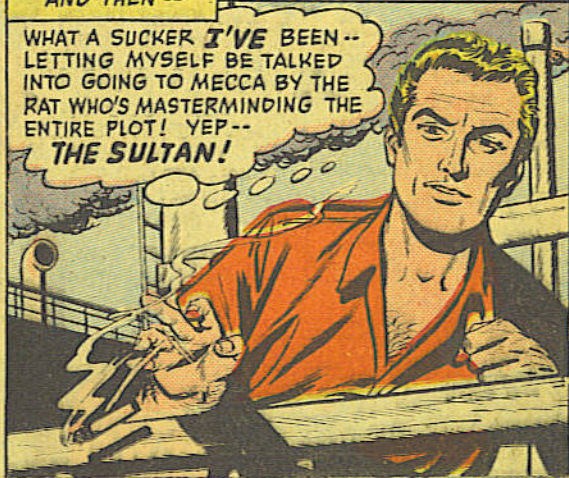
A WEEK LATER -- AS THE SHIP SWARMING WITH PILGRIMS ENTERS THE RED SEA --

I CAN'T GET KARA'S TAUNT OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT MADE HER SO DEAD CERTAIN THAT I'M BLUNDERING INTO SOMETHING? WASN'T BEEN A HITCH SO FAR -- THE OTHER PASSENGERS HAVE TREATED ME LIKE A TIN GOD -- AND THE SHIP'S MADE GOOD TIME...



FOR NEARLY FIVE MINUTES, TYPHOON WATCHES THE SMOKE STREAMING FROM THE FUNNELS -- AND THEN --

WHAT A SUCKER **I'VE** BEEN -- LETTING MYSELF BE TALKED INTO GOING TO MECCA BY THE RAT WHO'S MASTERMINDING THE ENTIRE PLOT! YEP -- **THE SULTAN!**



I WAS WILLING TO SET IT DOWN AS PURE LUCK WHEN HIS COPS RAIDED KARA'S APARTMENT JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT ME FROM DRAGGING HER TO THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES! BUT NOW -- WHAT'S WITH THOSE STOKERS I'M SUPPOSED TO BE TEAMED WITH? THE SMOKE'S COMING FROM THOSE FUNNELS IN A STEADY FLOW -- WHICH MEANS THE BOILERS ARE AUTOMATICALLY FIRED! WELL, I CAN'T SWIM BACK -- AND I DON'T AIM TO GET **SUNK**, EITHER!



TWO DAYS LATER -- AS THE SHIP ENTERS JIDDA HARBOR --

THERE IT IS -- SWARMING WITH THOUSANDS OF THE FAITHFUL, ON THEIR WAY TO MECCA -- EXCEPT FOR THE HANDFUL OF KILLERS WHO ARE BOUND TO BE WAITING FOR **ME!**



SOON AFTERWARD --

THIS'LL BE A HELP! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN USE AT THE MOMENT, IT'S A MILITARY ESCORT TO THE ROYAL PALACE!





LOOK, SERGEANT--
I'M TYPHOON
TYLER, AND--

YES--WE
KNOW! HAVE
YOU A
CERTIFICATE
PROVING YOU
HAVE BEEN
INOCULATED
AGAINST
CHOLERA?



NOW WAIT A
MINUTE, BUSTER!
WHAT KIND OF
FAST ONE IS
BEING PITCHED
OVER **THIS**
TIME?

ALL ARRIVALS
ARE REQUIRED
TO PRODUCE
CERTIFICATES!
NOT BEING
ABLE TO DO SO--
**YOU ARE
UNDER
ARREST!**



BUT -- **YOU'RE**
UNDER A
MISAPPREHENSION!



STEADY, MY FRIEND! WE
WISHED TO ARREST YOU ON
A MERE TECHNICALITY--TO AVOID
SEEING YOU TORN TO PIECES IF
THE CROWD WERE TO LEARN
THE **REAL** REASON FOR
YOUR JOURNEY TO MECCA!

THIS IS BEGINNING
TO MAKE SENSE!
KARA!



CAN YOU
POSITIVELY
IDENTIFY
THIS MAN?

OF COURSE! THE
SULTAN HIMSELF HAS
COME TO MECCA TO
TRAP THIS INFIDEL--
**THE RINGLEADER
OF A PLOT TO
STEAL THE
BLACK STONE
OF THE KAABA!**



AS KARA'S WORDS RISE ABOVE
THE BABBLE OF THE CROWD--

DID YOU
HEAR, ISMAIL?
THE DOG HAS
COME TO DEFILE
THE KAABA!

FOR HIM --
CAN ANY
DEATH BE
HORRIBLE
ENOUGH?



THEN -- IN A WAVE OF HOWLING FURY --

KILL THE
INFIDEL!

DRAW
HIM
THROUGH
THE
STREETS!

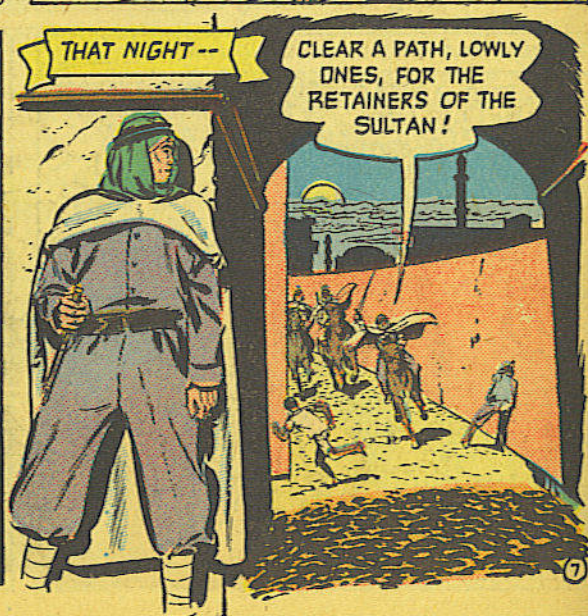
QUITE A CROWD, TYPHOON
TYLER! THE SOLDIERS
WILL NEVER BE ABLE
TO STOP
THEM!

GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO SHIFT
FOR MYSELF--
HEY,
SWEETHEART?



AND WHEN
I SHIFT --
I GO INTO
HIGH!

WHAM!



AS THE LAST HORSEMAN
ENTERS THE DARKNESS
OF THE ARCH --

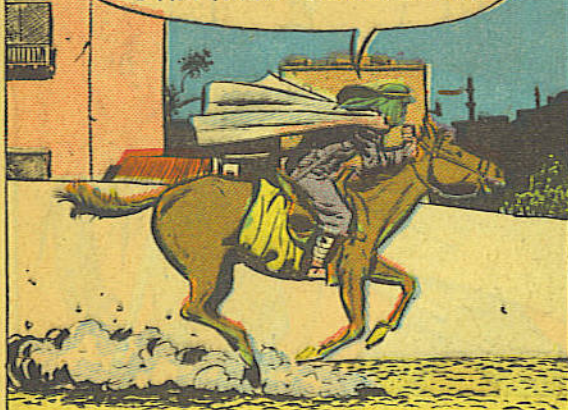
HUUUGH!



A MOMENT LATER --

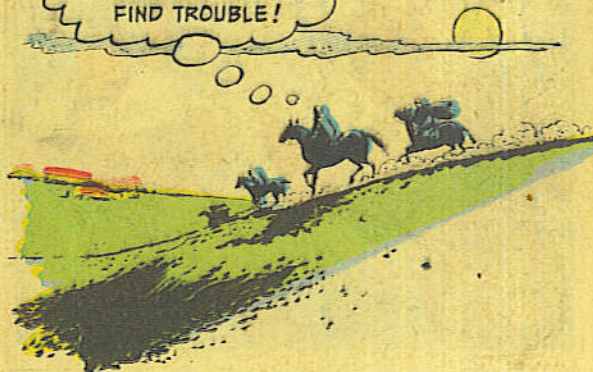
NOW TO CATCH

UP WITH THE OTHERS! IF I'M LUCKY,
I'LL BE ABLE TO STRING ALONG AS
A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE -- UNTIL
I FIND A WAY TO CRACK DOWN!



FOR SEVERAL HOURS, THE GRIM-LOOKING
BAND HEADS ACROSS THE MOONLIT DESERT--
A DESPERATE HANDFUL PLEDGED TO ENSLAVE
THE ENTIRE MOSLEM WORLD!

TENTS... THAT'S WHERE
I'LL FIND THE SULTAN -- AND
BROTHER -- WILL HE
FIND TROUBLE!



SOON AFTERWARD --

LISTEN WELL TO THE STRATEGY.
WE WILL FOLLOW TOMORROW --
AT THE KAABA! AT MY SIGNAL,
YOU WILL HURL THE CROWD
BACK WITH GRENADES --
WHILE I MYSELF PRY LOOSE
THE SACRED BLACK STONE!



GRENADES, EH? MIGHT BE A
GOOD IDEA IF I GAVE THE
SULTAN'S TECHNIQUE A TRYOUT--
RIGHT HERE!



TO MAKE SURE THERE
ARE NO SLIPUPS -- I WILL
NOW GET A GRENADE AND
DEMONSTRATE HOW
THEY ARE USED!





A SPY! AND AN INFIDEL WHO HAS LAID HANDS ON THE SULTAN!

THREE SINS, AKBAR -- AND HE WILL DIE THREE TIMES!

BUSTER -- DYING IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS I'M ALLERGIC TO!

BEHIND THE TENT! SHOOT HIM -- TEAR HIM APART!

NOT BAD FOR A FAST JOB! AND SPEAKING OF FAST JOBS -- THIS NAG BETTER BE ONE!

THIS TIME -- I CAN'T RISK GOING TO THE POLICE! IF I EXPOSE THE SULTAN AND HIS LEGION TO ANYONE -- IT'S GOING TO BE THE PREMIER HIMSELF!

TWO HOURS LATER -- AT THE PREMIER'S PALACE, IN MECCA --

NO NEWS

CALL THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD! I'VE GOT URGENT NEWS!

IS URGENT AT ONE IN THE MORNING, INFIDEL! MOUNT AND DEPART -- OR FEEL MY RIFLE BUTT AGAINST YOUR UGLY HEAD!

HERE'S NEWS FOR YOU, BUD -- I CAN ACT UGLY, TOO!

LIE TO ME -- AND I WILL COME BACK TO WATCH YOUR BLOOD RUN!

IS THE PREMIER HERE?

HIS EXCELLENCY SEEKS DIVERSION! HE HAS GONE TO THE HOME OF A VERITABLE ARTIST -- A CHARMER OF SNAKES NAMED --

KARA! DUST BENEATH THE DUST -- SPEAK FOR YOUR LIFE! WHERE?

THE LARGE YELLOW HOUSE IN TAWAF BAZAAR!

NOW I CATCH WHAT THE SULTAN MEANT WHEN HE BOASTED THAT EVERYTHING HAD BEEN ARRANGED! **THAT** INCLUDES ASSIGNING KARA TO ASSASSINATE THE PREMIER-- USING THE SAME METHOD SHE TRIED ON **ME!**



MINUTES LATER --

MY DEAR KARA, I HAVE BEEN TOO DAZZLED BY YOUR BEAUTY TO BE DAZZLED BY THE WAY YOU HANDLE A HARMLESS SNAKE! ANY CHILD COULD DO THE SAME!



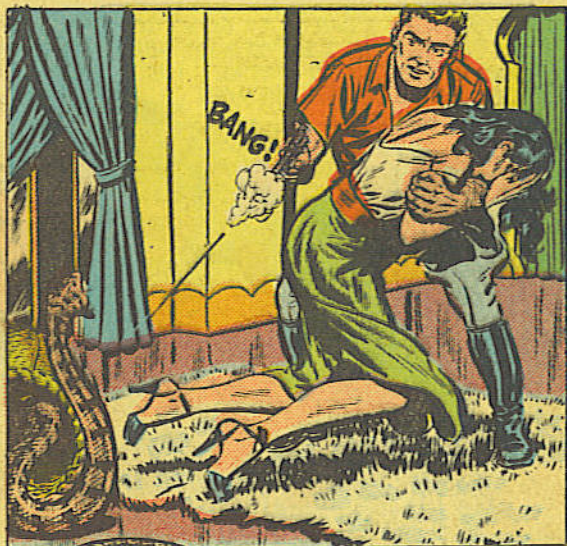
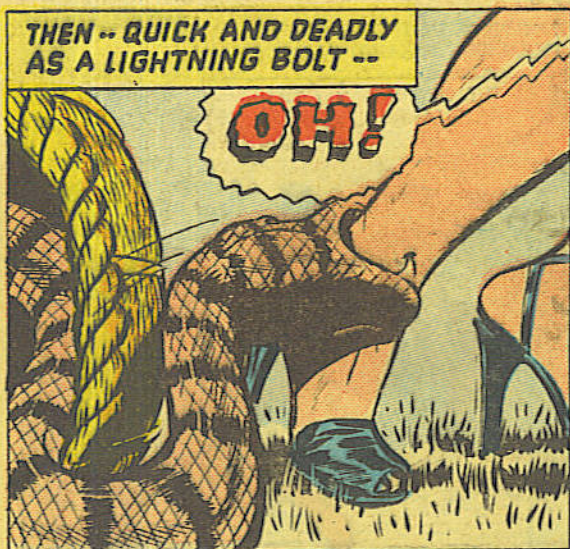
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I COULD NOT DECEIVE A MAN OF YOUR WISDOM, EXCELLENCY! YOU HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO TAKE THE SNAKE FROM THE BASKET--AND JUDGE WHICH OF US IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL -- AND THE MOST HARMLESS!

KARA!



THEN -- QUICK AND DEADLY AS A LIGHTNING BOLT --

OH!



TYPHOON TYLER! HERE -- IN MECCA?

WHAT'S HERE IN MECCA IS SOMETHING YOU NEED BRIEFING ON -- FAST! THIS CHICK AND HER SNAKES ARE JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS IN A SCHEME TO LIFT THE BLACK STONE -- AND THE SULTAN'S THE RAT WHO'S GIVING THE ORDERS!

BY NOW, THE LEAGUE HAS JOINED THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS THROGGING AROUND THE KAABA FOR THE FIRST CALL OF THE MUEZZIN AT DAWN! TRYING TO SAVE THE BLACK STONE BY CLEARING THE HOLY AREA WILL LEAD TO BLOODY RIOTS THROUGHOUT MECCA -- BUT MAYBE THE SULTAN WAS ON THE BEAM WHEN HE SAID THAT **ONE MAN** COULD QUEER THE DEAL!

I DON'T KNOW YET HOW I'LL GO ABOUT IT, EXCELLENCY -- BUT IF IT COMES TO THE WORST, IT WOULD BE BETTER TO HAVE **ME** FAIL THAN YOUR GOVERNMENT!

I KNOW YOUR RECORD, TYPHOON TYLER! I AM WILLING TO TRUST IN YOU -- AND ALLAH!



FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS -- WHILE TYPHOON TRIES VAINLY TO CHECK THE RAVAGES OF THE VENOM --

I HATE TO SAY IT, BABE -- BUT THERE ISN'T A DOCTOR IN MECCA WHO CAN HELP YOU! EVEN IF WE RUSHED COBRA SERUM BY PLANE FROM BOMBAY -- IT WOULDN'T ARRIVE SOON ENOUGH TO BREAK YOUR DATE WITH MOHAMMED! AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME, KARA -- YOU'RE GOING TO FACE HIM WITH A MIGHTY SPOTTY RECORD!



TYPHOON -- I'M AFRAID! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME IF I DIE -- DIE WHILE THE BLACK STONE IS BEING RIPPED FROM THE KAABA?

AND SUPPOSE YOU MANAGE TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THAT IT **ISN'T**?



SOON AFTERWARD -- AMID THE VAST CROWD AROUND THE KAABA --

TYPHOON TYLER! WHAT A PLACE FOR THE FOOL TO COME -- WHAT A PLACE TO DIE!



INFIDEL -- INFIDEL!

SEIZE HIM, YOU FAITHFUL -- BEFORE THE BLACK STONE IS DOOMED!



AS TYPHOON BACKS TOWARD THE SHRINE --

TYPHOON -- TELL THEM TO WAIT ... LET ME TALK ...

HONEY -- THAT'S GOING TO TAKE A HEAP OF COAXING!



GET BACK -- FAST! YOU'LL EITHER LISTEN TO KARA -- OR SEE YOUR PRECIOUS BLACK STONE BLASTED CLEAR UP TO ALLAH'S ROOST!



TRUST -- TYPHOON TYLER! THOSE WHO THREATEN THE BLACK STONE ARE IN YOUR MIDST -- THE SULTAN AND HIS FOLLOWERS!

THE SULTAN! DOES THAT EXPLAIN HIS ARMED HORSEMEN, FEISAL -- WHO RIDE THROUGH MECCA LIKE CONQUERORS?



WILL YOU LET HER CAJOLE YOU -- LIKE FOOLS? LOOK AT THIS WOMAN IN THE ARMS OF AN INFIDEL -- AND JUDGE!

WE HAVE HEARD ENOUGH! **SHE LIES!**

WOULD I **DIE** WITH A LIE ON MY LIPS? **LA ILAHA ILLA ILLAHU!** GLORIFIED BE ALLAH -- AND MOHAMMED, HIS PROPHET!

THEY BELIEVE HER! QUICK-- HURL YOUR GRENADES!



I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO GET RATTLED ENOUGH TO PROVE KARA'S STORY, RAT! ALL OF YOU -- **GRAB HIS MEN!**



I'M NO MOSLEM, YOU DEADBEATS -- BUT I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL KIND OF TOUCHY ABOUT THE BLACK STONE MYSELF!



WITH THE REMAINING PLOTTERS CAPTURED --

INFAMOUS AS SHE MAY HAVE BEEN WHILE SHE LIVED -- SHE DIED SPEAKING THE TRUTH! ALLAH WILL BE MERCIFUL!

I WOULDN'T KNOW, BUSTER! BUT I DON'T THINK HE'D MIND IF YOU CARRIED HER WHERE SHE'D LIKE TO BE -- INSIDE -- INTO THE KAABA!



BY WHAT MIRACLE DID THIS UNBELIEVER PROTECT THE HOLIEST RELIC OF OUR FAITH?

BECAUSE HE PROTECTS ALL THAT WHICH IS JUST-- BECAUSE THE HELPLESS ARE HIS FRIENDS -- BECAUSE HE IS **TYPHOON TYLER!**



Millions of people need **TYPHOON TYLER** -- millions will be waiting for the outcome of what faces him in the next issue! **WILL YOU?**



*They're a million miles
ahead of everything!*

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Courage in KOREA

TOM BANCROFT pantingly scrambled up the steep slope of the Korean mountain, the thick jungle underbrush tearing at his face. Desperately, he kept on, although his lungs felt as if they were about to burst...until he finally heard the sounds of the pursuit behind him fade away in the darkness of the night.

He lay still for a minute, trying to calm his tortured breathing...but then he was up again, a desperate urgency in his movements as he climbed up to the road that ran atop the ridge. And there was good reason for that urgency...because on his secret mission behind the North Korean lines, he had learned that an American battalion would be walking into an enemy-prepared ambush from which none would escape...unless he got to battalion headquarters before dawn, when the G.I.'s were due to start out.

But he still had time...it was only three miles to the battalion lines, and he was sure an easy jog could get him there before the sun broke over the horizon. And now that he was already at the road...

Tom froze into the shadows suddenly, rooted to the spot as he saw two North Koreans getting out of a truck on the road just ahead of him. The soldiers carefully lifted a land mine out of the truck, and Tom found once again that his knowledge of the Korean language stood him in good stead.

"This is far enough," he heard one soldier say. "We are about the right distance from the first mine we buried on the road! Let's bury the second one...and may it kill many Americans!"

While the two men were stooped over on their hands and knees, carefully planting the mine, Tom

stole over behind them on silent feet, and the butt of his service .45 thudded twice on the North Korean skulls.

A moment later, he was in the cab of the Korean truck, carefully driving around the still exposed mine, and then roaring down the road toward the battalion lines. He knew he was in danger of imminent death, for he had no way of knowing where the North Koreans had planted the first land-mine...and it might burst beneath him at any moment, sending the fragments of the truck and his body high into the air. But he had no choice...if he were to take his time and cautiously prod every inch of the road with his machete, trying to find the mine before he went over it, he would never get back to his lines in time to stop the battalion from advancing into certain death.

Tom roared down the Korean road at top speed, knowing that his only chance was to use that old trick that had worked so well against the Nazi road-mines in the last war...to drive so fast over the mine that the cab would pass over it before the detonation, so that only the rear of the truck would bear the brunt of the explosion. It was risky, of course, but it was the only way...

B O O M !

Tom's head cracked sickeningly against the roof of the cab as the rear end of the truck was flung into the air, ripped by the explosion. And as he crawled from beneath the blazing truck and started doggedly down the road towards his own lines, he knew that his perilous trick had succeeded...and that after he'd given his message to headquarters, the enemy ambushers would find themselves in an ambush!

NOTORIOUS WESTERN GUNMEN

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

WES HARDIN, ONE OF THE WEST'S MOST NOTORIOUS GUNMEN, WAS ONLY 15 YEARS OLD IN 1869 WHEN HE SHOT HIS FIRST MAN... AN OUTLAW WHO HAD BROKEN INTO HIS HOME! BUT THIS FIRST TASTE OF VIOLENCE LEFT A LIFELONG SCAR... POINTING THE YOUNGEST ALONG A DEADLY TRAIL!

BY THE TIME HE WAS 18, HE WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED EXPERT WITH HIS GUN! HE CONSTANTLY PRACTICED HIS DRAW, BECOMING SO ADEPT AT IT THAT HE COULD FACE A GUN THAT WAS COCKED AND AIMED AT HIM...

...AND DRAW SO INCREDIBLY FAST THAT HE COULD BEAT THE SHOT!

YUH DIRTY VULTURE...YUH'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO KIN PULL A TRIGGER!



BY THE SPRING OF 1873, THE YOUNG TEXAN HAD AN AWESOME REPUTATION THAT WON THE RESPECT OF SUCH FAMOUS GUNSLINGERS AS **WILD BILL HICKOK**...WHOM WES MET WHEN HE ACCOMPANIED A TRAIL HERD TO ABILENE, KANSAS!

WHY, SHORE, MARSHAL...I WON'T GIT INTUH ANY RUCKUS HERE...NOT WHEN I KNOW I'D HAVE TUH SWAP LEAD WITH **WILD BILL HICKOK**!

HEARD A LOT ABOUT YUH, HARDIN...AN' FROM WHAT I HEAR, I'D SHORE HATE TUH BE ON THE OTHER END OF A GUNFIGHT WITH YUH! SO AS MARSHAL OF ABILENE, I'M ASKIN' YUH TUH KEEP YORE GUN IN YORE HOLSTER AS LONG AS YUH STAY IN TOWN...FER YORE SAKE AN' MINE!



YUH DIRTY, CHEATIN' COYOTE...TRY CHEATIN' THE DEVIL NOW!

BUT YOUNG HARDIN'S TRIGGER-QUICK TEMPER GOT THE BETTER OF HIM IN AN ARGUMENT...AND ALMOST BEFORE ANYONE KNEW IT, HIS GUN WAS SPITTING LEAD!

QUICK...SOMEONE CALL MARSHAL HICKOK!



STILL CARRYING THE STOLEN TROUSERS, THE PROWLER ESCAPED TO THE STREET TO DIE...IN FULL VIEW OF WILD BILL HICKOK AND HIS MEN, WHO WERE PATROLLING THE STREETS LOOKING FOR WES!

WES IMMEDIATELY MADE HIMSELF SCARCE IN ABILENE, HOLING UP IN A RAMSHACKLE BOARDING HOUSE WHERE NO ONE KNEW HIM! BUT ONE NIGHT, AWAKENED BY A PROWLER IN HIS ROOM...

SOMEONE'S GOIN' THROUGH MUH POCKETS! I'LL FIX 'IM!



A SHOOTIN'! LET'S GO, BOYS!

BANG! BANG!



SURROUND THE HOUSE, BOYS... WE GOT THE KILLER CORNERED!

OH, OH... HICKOK'S VOICE... AN' MUH GUN'S EMPTY! I GOTTA VAMOOSE... AN' MEBBE LOCKIN' THIS DOOR WILL GIVE ME JEST ENOUGH TIME!



WHAT LUCK... THIS PASSIN' STAGE WILL DO THE TRICK!

OPEN UP!

BAM! BAM!



WHEN THE STAGE GOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN, WES DROPPED OFF AND HID IN A HAY-STACK... UNTIL A COWBOY CAME RIDING ALONG AND OBLIGINGLY GAVE UP HIS HORSE AT THE POINT OF WES' EMPTY GUN!

WHEN YUH GIT BACK TUH TOWN, YUH KIN GIVE WILD BILL A MESSAGE FER ME... TELL 'IM THAT WES HARDIN WILL BE WAITIN' FER 'IM AT THE BART HERD CAMP!



AT THE HERD CAMP, WES PROCURED TROUSERS... AND A RIFLE... AND WAS READY FOR THE LAWMEN WHEN THEY CAME FOR HIM!

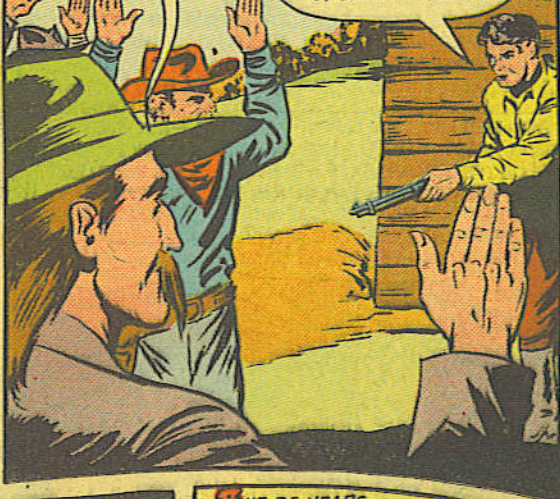
WE HEARD WES HARDIN'S IN THIS CAMP... WHAR KIN WE FIND 'IM?

SIMPLE... JEST TURN AROUND... WITH YORE HANDS CLAWIN' AIR!



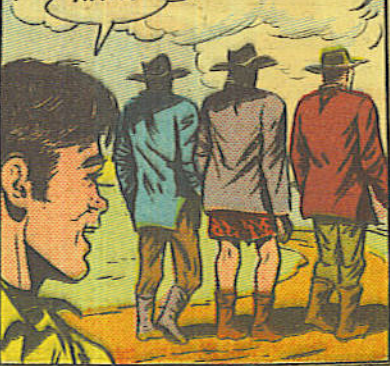
YUH'LL NEVER GIT AWAY WITH THIS, HARDIN!

SHEET UP... AN' DO AS I SAY! TAKE OFF YORE BOOTS AN' PANTS... AN' START WALKIN' BACK TUH ABILENE!



THE LAWMEN HAD NO CHOICE... AND WES HARDIN GOT HIS REVENGE FOR HAVING TO FLEE THE TOWN PANTSLESS!

HAW, HAW, HAW!



BUT THE LAW ALSO HAD ITS REVENGE... WHEN THE TEXAS RANGERS CAUGHT UP WITH HARDIN!

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IMPRISONMENT... AND MAY YOUR LONG INCARCERATION TEACH YOU THE FOLLY OF LAWLESSNESS!



BUT 26 YEARS LATER, WES HARDIN APPARENTLY STILL HADN'T LEARNED HIS LESSON... AND IN AUGUST, 1895, CONSTABLE JOHN SELMAN OF EL PASO SHOT DOWN THE NOTORIOUS GUNMAN WHO HAD TRIED TO ATTACK HIM... AND THE MORE THAN FORTY MEN WHOM THE GUNMAN HAD KILLED WERE FINALLY AVENGED!



BANG!

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MINSTREL SPY

The KING OF ENGLAND IN 878 A.D. WAS YOUNG ALFRED THE GREAT... ALSO DESTINED FOR FAME AS A SPY! THE CANNY YOUNG KING HAD FALLEN UPON HARD TIMES WHEN KING GUTHRUM OF DENMARK INVADED ENGLAND WITH A HUGE ARMY AND OVERPOWERED ALFRED'S OUTNUMBERED FORCES...



FLEE... TO THE HILLS! THE DANES ARE TOO MANY FOR US!

ALFRED AND HIS FEW REMAINING CHIEFS DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS POOR PEASANTS AND HID IN THE SLEEPY VILLAGE OF ATHELNEY, BUT THE KING OF ENGLAND WAS NOT CONTENT TO REMAIN IN HIDING...

BUT SIRE... THIS IS MADNESS! YOU CANNOT HOPE TO GAIN ENTRY INTO GUTHRUM'S COUNCIL HALLS IN CHIPPENHAM... THEY ARE TOO HEAVILY GUARDED!

AH, BUT YOU FORGET THAT MINSTRELS ARE NOT FIGHTING MEN... AND ARE ALLOWED TO PASS UNCHALLENGED INTO ALL ARMED CAMPS! SECURE A HARP, BRAVE DENEWOLF... FOR YOU SHALL BE HARP-BEARER TO A KINGLY MINSTREL!



AH... MINSTRELS! KING GUTHRUM WILL BE PLEASED TO HAVE SONG AND LAUGHTER IN HIS COUNCIL HALLS TONIGHT... ENTER AND BE MERRY!



AS A PRINCE OF ROYAL BLOOD, ALFRED HAD BEEN FASCINATED BY MINSTRELS AND JESTERS... AND HAD INSISTED THAT THEY TEACH HIM TO PLAY THE HARP AND JUGGLE AND TUMBLE UNTIL HE WAS AN EXPERT IN ALL THE ENTERTAINING ARTS... AND HIS TALENTS NOW STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD!

HOW LIKE YOU THIS MERRY JESTER, KING GUTHRUM?

HA-HA... HE IS THE BEST I HAVE EVER SEEN! HE TAKES MY MIND OFF MY WORRIES ABOUT OUR WEAK EAST FLANK!



DENEWOLF, TOO, LOST NO TIME IN GAINING FAVOR WITH THE DANISH SOLDIERS... AND TALK FLOWED FREELY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRINK!

HAW-HAW... HOW THE COWARDLY ALFRED FLED FROM YOU BRAVE DANES... ALL ENGLAND MOCKS HIS NAME!

AYE, THEY ARE TOO COWARDLY TO SEND SPIES HERE TO LEARN OUR WEAKNESS! THEY WILL NEVER KNOW THAT THE SPRAWLING WINTER QUARTERS WE GO TO NEXT WEEK ARE UNDEFENDABLE... THEY WILL NEVER DEFEAT US!



ARMED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE HE HAD GAINED AS A MINSTREL SPY, ALFRED RETURNED TO ATHELNEY, RALLIED HIS FORCES... AND ATTACKED! OUTNUMBERED, BUT WITH THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE, THE ENGLISH TROOPS DEFEATED THE DANES... AND GUTHRUM WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER TO KING ALFRED, ROYAL SPY!



The TIME TRAVELERS

EVER WISH YOU COULD SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF TIME, READER? EVER WISH YOU COULD PIERCE ITS MYSTIC VEIL AND GO BACK THROUGH THE DEAD CENTURIES? DON'T LAUGH... **FOR IT CAN BE DONE!** YOU'RE INVITED ON A THRILLING RIDE ABOARD DR. TOM REDFIELD'S TIME MACHINE... BACK THROUGH THE OLD YEARS TO THE DAWN OF HISTORY... AND OUT INTO THE FAR REACHES OF SPACE TO DISTANT WORLDS! AND IF YOU'RE READY TO RISK DEADLY PERIL, BID FAREWELL TO YOUR HUMDRUM EVERYDAY LIFE... AND GET SET FOR AN ADVENTURE IN TIME!



The WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C...

BUT I'M AMBASSADOR LEADUX... I HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE PRESIDENT!

WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING TO SEE THE PRESIDENT! AS A SENATOR, I DEMAND TO KNOW THE REASON FOR THE DELAY!



PLEASE, GENTLEMEN... PLEASE! THE PRESIDENT IS EXPECTING SOME OTHER VISITORS... WHOSE BUSINESS IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOURS! AH, HERE THEY ARE NOW...

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

COME IN, DR. REDFIELD... MISS FOSTER! THE PRESIDENT IS ANXIOUSLY AWAITING YOU!

BUT THEY'RE SO YOUNG... WHAT BUSINESS CAN THEY HAVE THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR INTERNATIONAL NEGOTIATIONS AND AFFAIRS OF STATE?



YES, WHAT VITAL MISSION ARE PEGGY FOSTER AND TOM REDFIELD ON... WHAT PERILOUS OPERATION ARE THEY ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO?

CONGRATULATIONS, DR. REDFIELD---THE WHOLE NATION IS DEEPLY INDEBTED TO YOU AND MISS FOSTER FOR HAVING PERFECTED A WORKABLE TIME MACHINE!

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT! BUT WE'VE DONE **MORE** THAN THAT---OUR MACHINE CAN COVER ANY AMOUNT OF **SPACE** AS WELL AS TIME---AT INCREDIBLE SPEED! AND I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT VITAL NEED AMERICA HAS FOR A **SPACE-SHIP**!



YES, I KNOW ONLY TOO WELL THAT THE THREAT OF AN **ATOMIC WAR** HANGS OVER AMERICA---AND THAT VICTORY CAN GO ONLY TO THE SIDE THAT CAN PREVENT ITS ENTIRE POPULATION FROM BEING WIPED OUT BY DEADLY RADIOACTIVE RAYS! OUR ONLY HOPE LIES IN SECURING THAT STRANGE SILVERY METAL WHICH YOUR INVESTIGATIONS HAVE SHOWN TO EXIST ON THE PLANET VENUS---AND WHICH CAN **NEUTRALIZE** ATOMIC RAYS! YOU TWO ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN MAKE THAT TRIP TO VENUS

---AND I THANK YOU FOR YOUR COURAGE IN VOLUNTEERING TO GO!



IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN COURAGE ALONE TO GET US THERE, MR. PRESIDENT! THE ORIGINAL MODEL OF THE TIME MACHINE ISN'T MANEUVERABLE ENOUGH TO CARRY US 160 MILLION MILES THROUGH SPACE---AND WE'LL NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S TOP SCIENTISTS TO HELP US BUILD AN IMPROVED SPACE SHIP IN A HURRY!

WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! COMMUNIST SCIENTISTS ALSO HAVE THE TIME MACHINE AND THE SAME INFORMATION ABOUT VENUS---AND WE'VE GOT TO **BEAT** THEM TO THE RADIO-ACTIVE COUNTER-AGENT!

I'LL PUT THE GOVERNMENT'S ENTIRE SCIENTIFIC RESOURCES AT YOUR DISPOSAL---AND MAY THE BLESSINGS OF THE WHOLE AMERICAN NATION SPEED YOU ON YOUR VOYAGE THROUGH SPACE!



The WEEKS PASS, WITH DR. TOM REDFIELD'S SPACESHIP-BUILDING SITE A BEEHIVE OF ACTIVITY---

IT'S ALMOST FINISHED, TOM---THE WORK HAS GONE FASTER THAN WE DARED HOPE FOR!

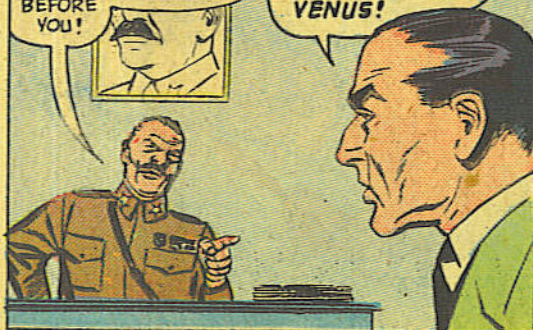
YES---WITH LUCK, WE'LL BEAT THOSE RED SCIENTISTS TO VENUS!



BUT BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN---

VANOV---YOU **BUNGLED**! OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORTS INDICATE THAT REDFIELD'S SPACESHIP LEAVES IN TWO DAYS, WHILE YOURS WON'T BE READY FOR AT LEAST **THREE!** THE AMERICANS WILL GET TO VENUS BEFORE YOU!

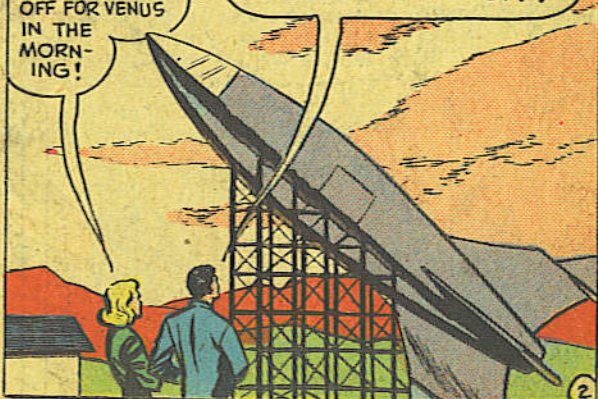
DO NOT FEAR, GENERAL---I INFILTRATED ONE OF OUR SPIES INTO THE CORPS OF SCIENTISTS WORKING ON THE AMERICAN SPACESHIP! I GUARANTEE YOU **IT WILL NEVER GET TO VENUS!**



TWO NIGHTS LATER---

I---I FEEL SO THRILLED, TOM---IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WE ACTUALLY TAKE OFF FOR VENUS IN THE MORNING!

NOTHING CAN STOP US FROM GETTING THERE NOW, PEGGY! EVERYTHING IS SET---THE CONTROLS ARE AIMED SQUARELY FOR VENUS---AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IN THE MORNING IS PULL THE TAKEOFF LEVER---AND WE'LL BE **OFF!**

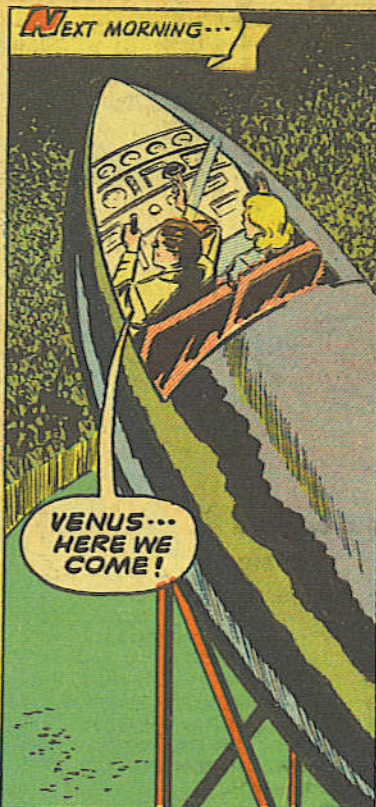


BUT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, AT THE SPACESHIP CONTROLS...

THE FOOLS WON'T BOTHER TO SPEND HOURS RECHECKING THE INSTRUMENTS TOMORROW... THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I CHANGED THE SETTINGS TO SEND THEM **BACK IN TIME** INSTEAD OF **FORWARD IN SPACE!** AND I'VE CRIPPLED THEIR LANDING GEAR, TOO... THEY'LL **CRASH-LAND** INTO THE PAST... AND NEVER REPAIR THE SHIP IN TIME TO BEAT VANOV TO VENUS!



NEXT MORNING...



VENUS...
HERE WE
COME!



TOM...
WHAT... WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

GREAT GOSH... WE...
WE'RE GOING **BACKWARDS**
THROUGH TIME!

WE... WE
**CRASH-
LANDED!**
WHERE
ARE
WE?

PROBABLY STILL ON EARTH
... BECAUSE IF WE WENT
THROUGH THE VORTEX OF
TIME, THE SHIP'S CONTROL
SETTINGS MUST HAVE
BEEN SOMEHOW CHANGED
FROM SPACE-FLIGHT TO
TIME-FLIGHT! BUT AS
TO WHAT TIME PERIOD
WE'RE IN... I WONDER!

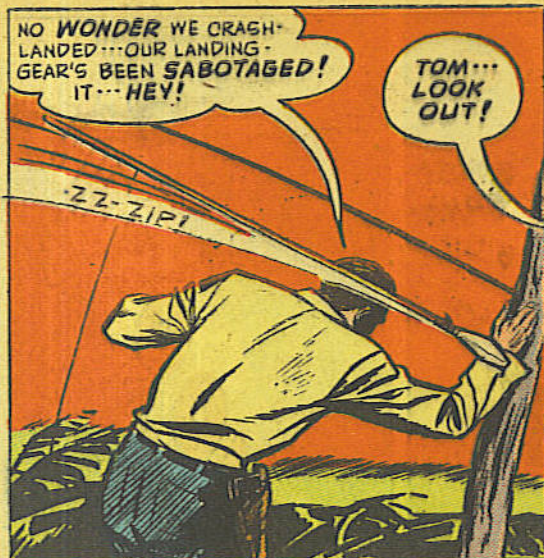


CRASH!

WE'RE LODGED IN
A NARROW VALLEY
... WE'LL **NEVER**
BE ABLE TO TAKE
OFF AGAIN!

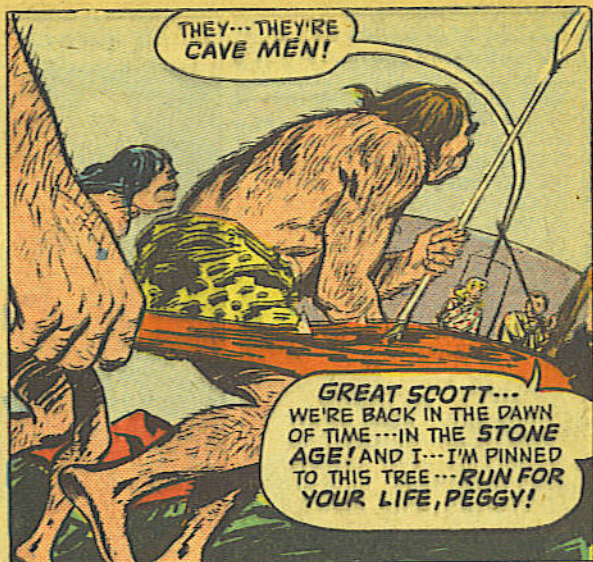
AND LOOK AT THE
SHIP'S UNDER-
PLATES... THEY'RE
WRECKED! WE'RE
MAROONED
HERE!





NO WONDER WE CRASH-
LANDED...OUR LANDING-
GEAR'S BEEN SABOTAGED!
IT...HEY!

TOM...
LOOK
OUT!



THEY...THEY'RE
CAVE MEN!

GREAT SCOTT...
WE'RE BACK IN THE DAWN
OF TIME...IN THE STONE
AGE! AND I...I'M PINNED
TO THIS TREE...RUN FOR
YOUR LIFE, PEGGY!



THEY CAUGHT
ME!...HELP!

I'M COMING,
HONEY... I
FINALLY
WRENCHED
LOOSE!



POW!



ACCORDING TO HISTORY, YOU
CAVEMEN WEREN'T VERY
INTELLIGENT, SO MAYBE YOU
SHOULD HAVE TRIED POOLING
YOUR BRAINS... LIKE THIS!

CLUNK



BUT AS TOM FALLS BEFORE SUPERIOR NUMBERS...

ROARRR-RRR!

UGH! GAR
LARO!



A SABRE-TOOTH TIGER! THEY BECAME EXTINCT HUNDREDS OF CENTURIES AGO, BUT **THIS** ONE IS CERTAINLY ALIVE ENOUGH! MY ONLY CHANCE IS --- THIS PISTOL---



GARR-ROWW!

**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**



OH, TOM, YOU **DID** IT... YOU **KILLED** IT! BUT LOOK... THOSE CAVE-MEN ARE STEALING BACK!

WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THEM **NOW**, BABY... JUST LOOK AT THE **AWESOME** ON THEIR FACES! AS SOON AS THEY CONVINCE THEMSELVES THE TIGER IS DEAD, THEY'LL PROBABLY BEGIN THINKING I'M A GOD FOR HAVING BEEN ABLE TO SLAY IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT --- THEY'RE PAYING HOMAGE TO YOU!

YES, THEY'RE MY OBEDIENT SUBJECTS NOW... AND I'M BEGINNING TO SEE HOW THEY CAN HELP US GET TO VENUS! I'LL USE SIGN LANGUAGE --- AND I CAN ORDER THEM TO SUMMON THEIR CLANSMEN AND BEGIN HAULING THE SPACESHIP TO A GOOD SPOT FOR A TAKEOFF!



BY NEXT DAY...

IT'S AMAZING THE WAY THEY OBEY YOUR SIGNALS... YOU'RE PROBABLY THE FIRST MASS ORGANIZER OF CAVE-MEN IN HISTORY!

THEY CERTAINLY COME IN HANDY... AS SOON AS THE SHIP IS DRAGGED INTO A CLEARING, I'LL HAVE THEM START HAMMERING AT THE UNDER-PLATING WITH THEIR STONE CLUBS TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT... BEFORE I GET TO WORK WITH THE SHIP'S WELDING EQUIPMENT!



THE SPIES WHO SABOTAGED OUR SHIP PROBABLY THOUGHT WE'D CRASH INTO THE PAST AND NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT AGAIN... LEAVING THEM A CLEAR FIELD ON VENUS! AND WITHOUT THE BRUTE STRENGTH OF THIS WHOLE CLAN OF CAVE-MEN, THEY WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED!

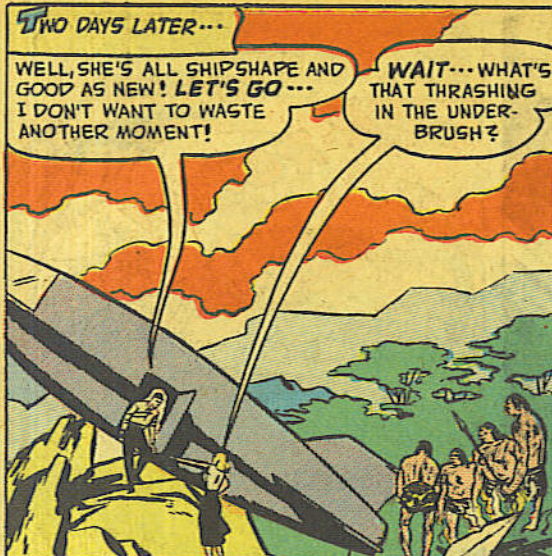
BUT WE **STILL** MIGHT LOSE OUT... THOSE **RED SCIENTISTS** MIGHT BE ON VENUS **RIGHT NOW!**



TWO DAYS LATER...

WELL, SHE'S ALL SHIPSHAPE AND GOOD AS NEW! **LET'S GO...**
I DON'T WANT TO WASTE ANOTHER MOMENT!

WAIT... WHAT'S THAT THRASHING IN THE UNDER-BRUSH?



TOM... A DINOSAUR!

HOLY HANNAH... IT'S A TYRANNO-SAURUS... THE DEADLIEST OF THEM ALL! COME ON, PEGGY... RUN! WE'VE GOT TO LEAD IT AWAY FROM THE SHIP...



MY GUN IS LIKE A PEA-SHOOTER AGAINST THAT MONSTROSITY... IT'S AFRAID OF NOTHING!



LOOK... THAT CAVEMAN KNEW WHAT IT'S AFRAID OF... FIRE!

THIS IS OUR CHANCE, TOM... WHILE IT'S FLAILING AROUND AND TRYING TO DISLODGE THAT BURNING SPEAR, WE CAN TAKE OFF!

AAARGHH!



MOMENTS LATER...

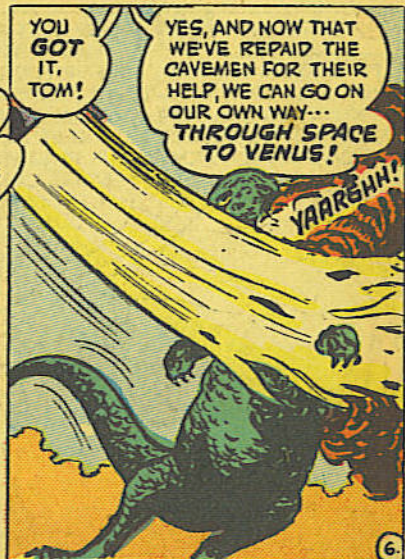
OHH! THE DINOSAUR SHOOK OFF THE SPEAR... IT'S CHARGING THE CAVEMEN!

WELL, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER... I'LL JUST SWOOP DOWN AND LET TYRANNOSAURUS HAVE A BLAST FROM OUR ATOMIC EXHAUST!



YOU GOT IT, TOM!

YES, AND NOW THAT WE'VE REPAID THE CAVEMEN FOR THEIR HELP, WE CAN GO ON OUR OWN WAY... **THROUGH SPACE TO VENUS!**



AND SO, UP...UP THROUGH THE BOUNDLESS REACHES OF THE MILKY WAY, WHILE MOTHER EARTH FADES AWAY TO A MERE PIN-POINT IN THE VAST GALAXY OF THE HEAVENS...UP...UP INTO A DEADLY DUEL WITH THE DANGERS OF SPACE-TRAVEL!

TOM---LOOK OUT FOR THAT COMET!

WHEW---JUST MISSED IT!

AND FINALLY, AFTER HURLING THROUGH SPACE AT THE ALMOST INCREDIBLE VELOCITY OF LIGHT ITSELF---

WE MADE IT, PEGGY---THIS IS VENUS!

LOOK AT THESE STRANGE FORMS OF PLANT LIFE... NOW I KNOW WE'RE REALLY OUT OF THIS WORLD!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE STRANGE FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE WE MIGHT FIND ON THIS PLANET! LISTEN... THAT NOISE IN THE UNDERGROWTH...

OH!!!

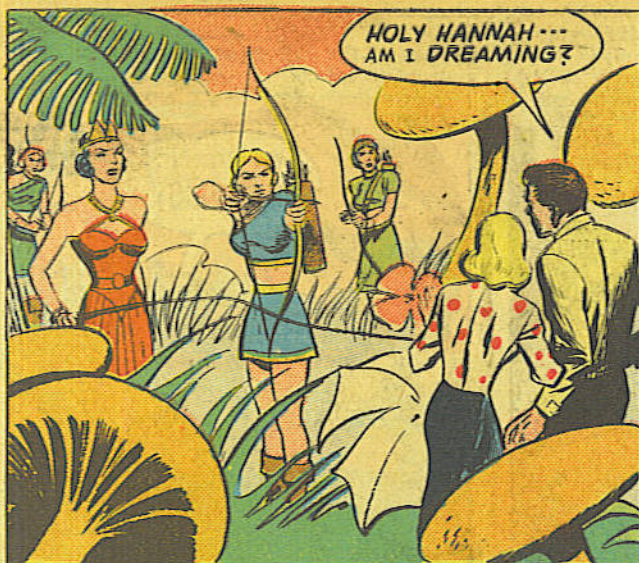
GREAT SCOTT---I DON'T KNOW WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE, BUT THEY LOOK TOO HUNGRY FOR COMFORT! LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR IT, PEGGY!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A STAND HERE---WE CAN'T OUTRUN THEM! THEY MUST BE HUNTING BEASTS---I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE OR SOMETHING WHISTLING THEM ON! BUT I'LL SOON MAKE 'EM START WHISTLING ANOTHER TUNE!

BANG! BANG!

BUT SUDDENLY---

CRACK!



HOLY HANNAH...
AM I DREAMING?



BEFORE TOM CAN RECOVER FROM HIS
ASTONISHMENT...

NO, THEY'RE REAL
...AND AMAZINGLY
STRONG! I--I'M
HELPLESS IN
THEIR GRIP!

THEY LOOK SO **ANGRY!**
HOW CAN WE TELL THEM
WE CAME IN PEACE...HOW
CAN WE EXPLAIN OUR
MISSION WHEN WE CAN'T
SPEAK THE VENUEIAN LANGUAGE,
WHATEVER IT IS?

YOU **LIE**
...YOU DID **NOT**
COME IN PEACE!



YOU CAME WITH WAR AND DESTRUCTION IN YOUR HEARTS...LIKE THOSE OTHER EVIL MEN WHO CAME YESTERDAY FROM THE HEAVENS AND SLEW MANY OF MY PEOPLE WITH THEIR DEATH-DEALING WEAPONS!

I---I CAN'T
BELIEVE MY EARS
...YOU--- YOU SPEAK
ENGLISH!

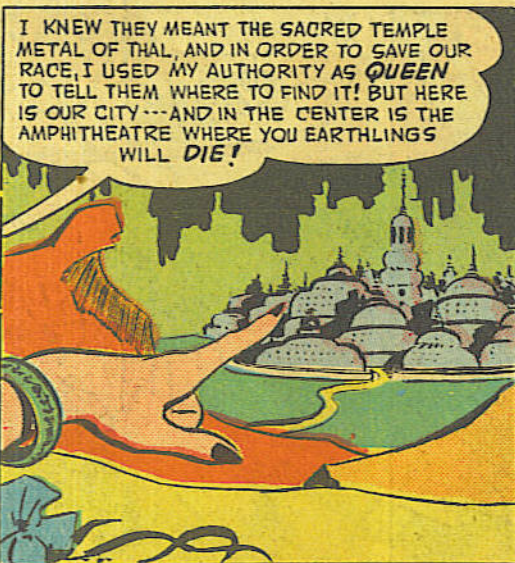


OF **COURSE**...WE VENUEIANS ARE **TELEPATHIC!** I CAN LOOK INTO YOUR MIND AND READ OFF IN AN INSTANT EVERY WORD YOU EVER LEARNED...AND SINCE I CAN ALSO SEE THE MENTAL PICTURES CONNECTED WITH THE WORDS, I KNOW THEIR MEANING! BUT NOW YOU WILL KNOW WHAT I HAVE IN MIND FOR **YOU**...AS PAYMENT FOR THE MURDERS YOUR FRIENDS COMMITTED!...**DRAW THEM TO THE CITY...TO THEIR DEATHS!**

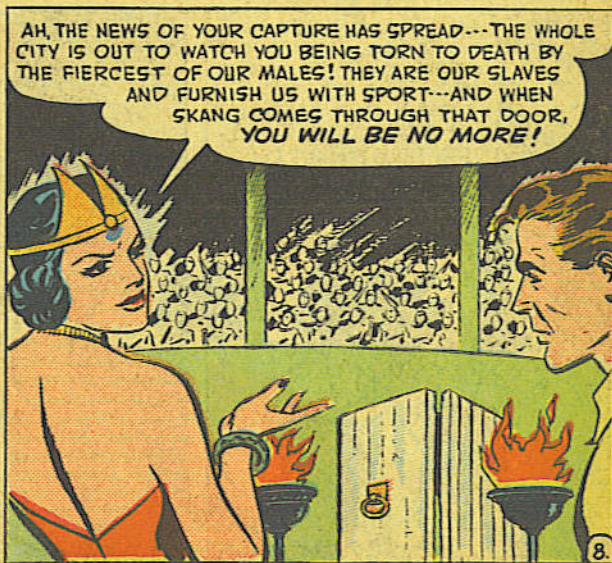


BUT THESE MEN WHO CAME BEFORE US **AREN'T** OUR FRIENDS...THEY'RE OUR **ENEMIES!**

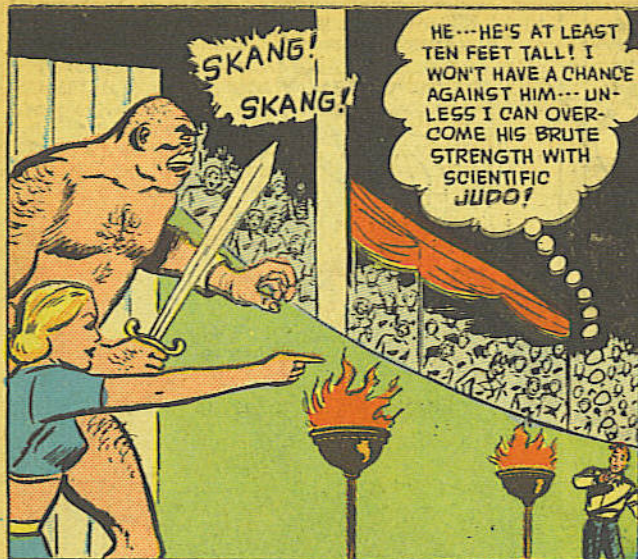
LIES! THEY CAME FROM THE SKY IN A SHIP LIKE YOURS...THEIR STRANGE WEAPONS BARKED AND SPAT DEATH AS DID YOURS! THEY THREATENED TO WIPE OUT OUR WHOLE RACE WITH A SINGLE OUNCE OF DEADLY GERMS UNLESS WE TOLD THEM WHERE TO FIND A STRANGE, SHINING METAL...



I KNEW THEY MEANT THE SACRED TEMPLE METAL OF THAL, AND IN ORDER TO SAVE OUR RACE, I USED MY AUTHORITY AS **QUEEN** TO TELL THEM WHERE TO FIND IT! BUT HERE IS OUR CITY...AND IN THE CENTER IS THE AMPHITHEATRE WHERE YOU EARTHLINGS WILL **DIE!**



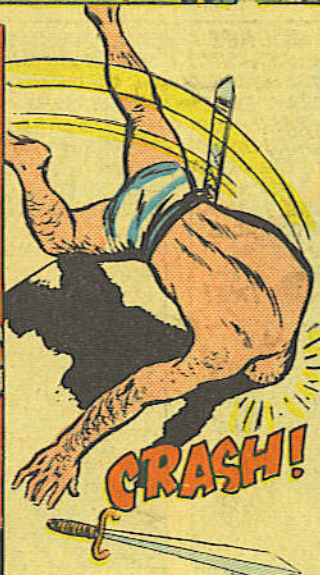
AH, THE NEWS OF YOUR CAPTURE HAS SPREAD...THE WHOLE CITY IS OUT TO WATCH YOU BEING TORN TO DEATH BY THE FIERCEST OF OUR MALES! THEY ARE OUR SLAVES AND FURNISH US WITH SPORT...AND WHEN SKANG COMES THROUGH THAT DOOR, **YOU WILL BE NO MORE!**



HE...HE'S AT LEAST TEN FEET TALL! I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST HIM... UNLESS I CAN OVERCOME HIS BRUTE STRENGTH WITH SCIENTIFIC JUDO!



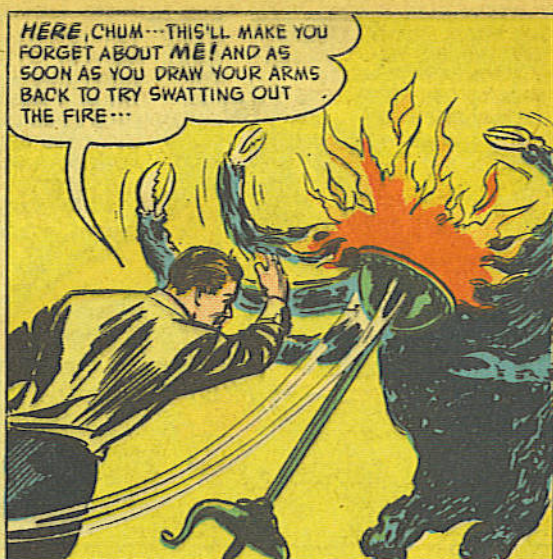
HA...YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE...UNLESS YOU FIGHT AND WIN!

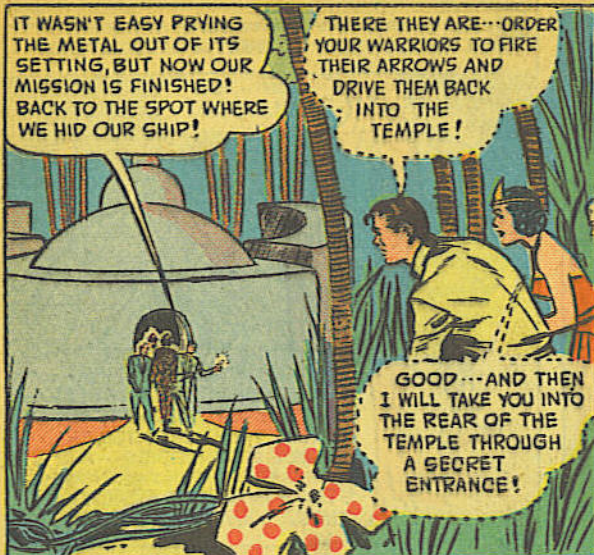


NO! YOU ARE STILL A MURDERER...YOU MUST DIE! I SEE I UNDERESTIMATED YOU, BUT NOW I WILL GIVE YOU A FOE WHO MAKES EVEN OUR BRAVE VENUSIAN MALES FLEE IN TERROR... FOR NO LIVING BEING HAS EVER DARED STAND UP TO IT IN FACE-TO-FACE COMBAT!...BRING OUT THE BEAST OF TARY...THE EARTHLINGS SHALL BE ITS PREY FOR TODAY!



I...I CAN SEE WHY NO ONE EVER DARED FACE THIS MONSTROSITY IN COMBAT...IT'S ENOUGH TO CURDLE ANYONE'S BLOOD! I'VE GOT SKANG'S SWORD, BUT IT'S LIKE A STRAW AGAINST THOSE LONG ARMS AND RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS...I COULD NEVER GET INSIDE THOSE ARMS TO STRIKE A TELLING BLOW! I...I GUESS THIS IS THE END!







HELP...
YAAAGHH!

THOSE...
THOSE PLANTS...
THEY'RE MAN-
EATERS! I... I
MUST GET OUT
OF HERE...!

YIII!



HOW... HOW
HORRIBLE!

AAARGHHH!

DO NOT TRY TO RESCUE HIM...
IT WOULD MEAN **YOUR** END! THOSE
PLANTS WERE PLACED HERE TO
PROTECT THE SECRET TEMPLE
ENTRANCE FROM INFIDELS... AND
HE WHO STEPS OFF THE STONES
STEPS INTO THE REACH OF
THOSE TENDRILS OF DEATH!



LATER...

I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO THANK
YOU FOR GIVING
ME YOUR SACRED
TEMPLE METAL AS
A GIFT, QUEEN...
AND I... I'M
REALLY SORRY
TO HAVE TO
LEAVE VENUS!

I... I WAS HO-
PING YOU WOULD
STAY, BUT I KNEW
ALL ALONG THAT
YOU BELONGED TO
ANOTHER
WORLD... AND
THAT YOU WOULD
NEVER
BE MINE! PLEASE,
COULD YOU...
KISS ME
AGAIN?

TOM...
NO!



GOOD-
BYE,
QUEEN!

FAREWELL,
MY BRAVE
AND HAND-
SOME ONE!



THERE'S NO
CAUSE FOR YOU TO
BE JEALOUS, PEGGY!
MAYBE I **DID** PLAY
UP TO HER... BUT I
HAD TO, TO ENLIST
HER AID IN SECURING
THE SUBSTANCE
THAT **WILL** SAVE
DEMOCRACY!

WHOOOSH!



YOU'RE MY
QUEEN... THE
ONLY ONE IN
THE WORLD
FOR ME!

OH, TOM...
DARLING!



BACK ON EARTH...

YOU TWO HAVE EARNED THE UNDYING
GRATITUDE OF THE ENTIRE AMERICAN
NATION... BECAUSE THIS METAL WILL
GIVE US A GREAT NEW DEFENSE
AGAINST ATOMIC RADIOACTIVITY,
AND WILL ENABLE US TO BE
READY FOR ANY ENEMY!

IT'LL BE GOOD
TO RELAX AT
LAST... AND
FORGET ALL
ABOUT
DANGER!

DEFENSE
DEPARTMENT
SECURITY
DIVISION

BBETTER NOT RELAX **TOO** MUCH, TOM... AND YOU, TOO,
READER... BECAUSE THERE'S AN EVEN **MORE** PERILOUS
ADVENTURE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

AMAZING!

HELLO! I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY HAIR!

I have
RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

TERRIFIC VALUE!

3.98 complete

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(C.O.D. you pay postage.
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NEW!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL IN RUBBER WONDERSKIN! with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers, plastic comb and... bottle of doll hair lotion.

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ALL ELECTRIC REMOTE CONTROL 1951 AUTO SENSATION!

- Driven By Powerful Remote Control
- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
- Balloon-type Rubber Tires

Imagine only \$3.49 COMPLETE!

PUSH THE BUTTON! IT STARTS! REVERSES! STOPS! STEERS!

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AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVIEW!

SUPER DELUXE ELECTRIC FILM PROJECTOR

SHOWS REAL FILMS!

- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS \$1.00 ONLY

SNOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINKIN WILLIE

Imagine Only \$2.98 COMPLETE Projector, One film and Screen!

Now any child can show the most exciting films at home with this streamlined **TELEVUE** Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all! **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

Beautiful BLONDIE WONDER DOLL WITH RUBBER SKIN

'SQUEEZE ME ... I COO!'

- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that **CUDDLY, HUG-GABLE, love-me baby BEAUTIFUL BLONDIE**. She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**. **SQUEEZE HER AND SHE COOS!** ... just like a baby. Every little mother will want Blondie for her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty, and they're thick and long just like real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons at night and tuck her in bed and watch her long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her next day of fun. Every child will have the time of her life giving her body a bath and powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright **BIRTHDAY PARTY** dress, cute panties, shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful, amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably low price. **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

EVERYBODY LOVES ME WON'T YOU?

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|---|--------|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sandy | \$3.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Film Projector | \$2.98 |
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Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

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GROWN-
UPS!**

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**FREE
GIANT
COLOR-
NOTES
SONG
BOOK**



COLOR-KEY CLARINETTE



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- Color Keys on instruments match Color Notes in Song Book.
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For XYLOPHONE, lightly strike bars with mallets.
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☐ I'll pay postman total cost, plus postage.

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tic 8" measure

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BALL POINT PEN**

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Chart shows how to
find the North Star

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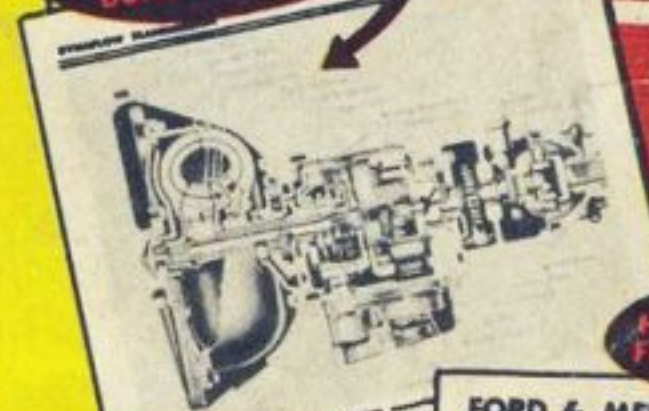
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HERE IS CHEVROLET TUNE-UP CHART

Year	Model	Spark Plug Gap, inch	Breaker Gap, inch	Cam Angle, Degrees
1935	48	.015	.010	25
1936	48	.015	.010	25
1937	48	.015	.010	25
1938	48	.015	.010	25
1939	48	.015	.010	25
1940	48	.015	.010	25
1941	48	.015	.010	25
1942	48	.015	.010	25
1943	48	.015	.010	25
1944	48	.015	.010	25

COVERS CONSTRUCTION, OPERATION OF BUICK DYNA-FLOW



BUICK DYNA-FLOW TRANSMISSION

The complete Dyna-Flow transmission... Fig. 1. Complete assembly of a Buick Dyna-Flow transmission... Fig. 2. Complete assembly of a Buick Dyna-Flow transmission...

Used By U. S. Army & Navy

HOW TO ADJUST FORD CLUTCHES

FORD & MERCURY



Fig. 21. Clutch pedal adjustment... Fig. 22. Clutch pedal adjustment...

COVERS 741 CAR MODELS

Auburn	Ford	Mercury
Austin	Frazier	Nash
Bantam	Graham	Oldsmobile
Buick	Hudson	Packard
Cadillac	Hupmobile	Pierce Arrow
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Plymouth
Chrysler	Lafayette	Pontiac
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De Soto	Lincoln	Terraplane
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